TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Wiesbaden---No. 4.

WIESBADEN, Sept. 5, 1891.

Driving up to Wiesbaden from Biebrich even at night with great burdensome thoughts of trunks falling off and the probable discomforts of a hotel, one cannot fail to be impressed by the magnificent road which leads from the little river city to the fine watering place four miles beyond. The trees are simply magnificent and approaching Wiesbaden, long and brilliantly illuminated streets intersect the

WILHELM STRASSE.

avenue. A steam tramway runs from the river to the upper end of Wiesbaden, and the two or three cars pulled by the road engine are generally filled. It stops operations about half-past ten, half the gas lamps on the street are put out and as a rule people are all in bed before eleven, leaving the promenades deserted and the policemen little or nothing to do. Added to the deserted look of the city at ten o'clock a rain storm was coming on as we entered, yet it was most impressive. Almost as far as one could see were long lines of light, and towering tall and stately in almost unbroken lines above the trees were what seemed to be white palaces. The Victoria Hotel is comfortable and not excessively costly. Its bath rooms occupy almost the entire cellar of the large structure, and as is the custom in German watering places the baths are built of stone lined with cement and tile, and one enters the water by descending by stone steps from the level of the floor. They are almost large enough to swim in, and the water heavily impregnated with mineral and salt pours from the spring owned by the establishment. A great many of the numerous hotels have a private spring, but the main one is in the Trinkhalle, a large and magnificent structure in the Kochbrunnen.

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Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Carlsbad and Homburg are probably the four principal watering places of Germany, and each claims a special excellence for their springs and attract a different class of visitors. Hamburg, about an hour and a half's ride from Wiesbaden, is most favored by the English people, the Prince of Wales and many leading British statesmen spending a portion of the season there. Wiesbaden is more favored by the Germans than any other, and was much patronized by the late Emperor, grandfather of the present Kaiser. Germans who have made fortunes in all parts of the world have selected it as their place of residence after retiring from business, and it consequently contains a great many very wealthy people. The royal castle, which was every year the residence of Emperor William, is on the Marktplatz. The chief streets are the Wilhelm strasse,

INTERIOR OF GRAND HALL OF THE KURSAAL.

Rhein strasse, Taunus strasse and Sonnenberg strasse. The latter runs along the park to the village of Sonnenberg, and here are the villas of Prince Nicolaus of Nassau and Princess Louise of Prussia, built in the style of the Alhambra. Taunus strasse is at the foot of the Neroberg, a mountain beautifully wooded on its crest and wrapped about with lovely vineyards. A rag-wheel railway runs up the steep incline and lands the visitor in the grounds of a summer hotel on the Beausite, where the tables and pavilions will accommodate a couple of thousand. On the highest point of the Neroberg and overlooking the town below is the Nero Temple, and from its platform one of the finest landscapes of Germany is seen; and dotting the valley of the Rhine some twelve or fifteen towns and villages can be counted. The forest stretches back for several miles. The trees were planted many, many years ago and have attained great height. Very near the top of the Neroberg is a Greek chapel, the five gilded cupolas rising in oriental beauty above the green of the forest. Architects say it is unexcelled in gracefulness by any example of the Byzantine style. The foundation is the shape of a Greek cross, and in the center of it lies buried the beautiful Princess Elisabeth Michailowna, wife of the Duke Adolphe of Nassau, who built it in memory of his young bride. The interior is very beautiful, and in the soft light of stained glass windows lies the sculptured form of the dead princess. Symbolical statues: Faith, Hope, Charity and Immortality stand on the four corners of the sarcophagus.

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The forest of the Neroberg, with its winding roads and rustic bridges, is kept as clean as a city garden; not a twig or rotting limb is permitted to encumber the ground. It is the favorite walk of governesses in charge of many children and children's schools, and is an ideal romping ground for youngsters. The park, which extends from Wilhelm strasse for miles along a little stream which is the outlet of the many springs, is one of the loveliest spots conceivable. The walks, embowered in trees, as a rule are ten to twenty feet wide and seem never to come to an end. Seats, summer houses and everything that can be done for the comfort of those who seek health or pleasure in Wiesbaden are provided, and in the center of the town and almost at the foot of the Neroberg, is the Kerhaus. It is a grand building, and as no picture that I could get of it conveyed any idea of its size or magnificence, I make no attempt to illustrate it. In front is an immense garden filled with flowers of every hue, and fountains which are illuminated with many colored lights at night. On each side is a row of tall trees, then a wide drive, and then the old colonnade to the left of the gardens, the new colonnade on the right. Each of them is about five hundred feet long, and has forty-six stone columns. Walking along these colonnades one sees the garden on one side and a row of brilliant and fashionable little stalls on the other, where everything imaginable can be purchased. Facing the garden and led up by the colonnades, is the main kursaal. Before you are permitted to enter this building you must be provided with a ticket. A single one costs a mark—twenty-four cents. An annual ticket for strangers, available for twelve months, costs for the first person thirty marks, and for every other member of the same family ten marks. Tickets for six weeks cost fifteen marks for one person, for every other member of the same family five marks. The inhabitants of Wiesbaden have to pay somewhat less, but after all it is a very fair tax on strangers who cannot expect to use all the medical establishments, parks and so forth, for nothing. Tickets also give the right of using the conversation, reading and gaming rooms, and admit the holder to two daily concerts given by the Kur band. The same band plays every morning in the Trinkhalle, so there is certainly no lack of music. Occasionally, when there is a specially grand entertainment being given in the Kur gardens, an extra mark is charged, but as a rule the very small fee entitles the holder of a ticket to more than he can use. A long pavilion stretching along one side of the inner garden, is supplied with indoor games for children.

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The Kursaal is a magnificent salon. The lofty ceiling is supported by thirty-two Corinthian marble columns, all but four of them being hewn out of a single piece each. Upon the walls are enormous mirrors, supported by costly sculptures and rich decorations. The daily concerts are held in this hall in the winter, but in the summer they are given in the grand Kur garden behind the hall. About half the space between the Kerhaus and the lake is occupied by tables and chairs, where the visitors indulge in their beer and wine and partake of refreshments of all sorts, for everything is served there from a dinner to a toothpick. In a large and lofty hall, running from the main saale to the conversation and reading rooms, the gambling for which Wiesbaden was once celebrated was done. During the reign of Duke Adolphe of Nassau, the duchy of which Wiesbaden was the capital became a Prussian province and gambling was abolished, together with the almost inexhaustible revenue to which the town owed its many splendid institutions. Instead, however, of the place going back, its greatest prosperity has been since the time when the Kerhaus was the scene of gaming such as cannot now be found anywhere else.

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Wiesbaden is essentially a health and pleasure town, and the commercial portions of it are not obtrusive. The pavements are perfect and kept absolutely clean. The villas, as I said before, are palatial and yet none of the owners of these fine houses consider it *infra dig.* to rent their establishments for a few months to foreign visitors. Many of the handsomest of them have been transformed into pensions. Living is not very dear. A handsomely furnished flat well situated, containing five or six rooms with a little kitchen, can be had for from two to four hundred marks a month, (that would be fifty to a hundred dollars). Servants are plentiful at from three to six dollars a month. Five dollars a month will hire a fairly good cook. Provisions are much the same as they are here, but they are sold in such small quantities, at so small a profit to the dealer that they can be bought much more economically than we can buy them at home. Board and rooms at a hotel or regular pension are from one to two dollars a day, except in the summer months when the season is on. The variety of food is not great and German cooking is not always pleasing to those who are not used to it, but there is very little room for complaint.

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I like Wiesbaden. Though it quit gambling

THE GREEK CHAPEL.

and reformed unwillingly with the feeling that it was about to be ruined for virtue's sake, its reformation has been complete and to the world and itself the motive is immaterial. As far back as I can trace the history of the city, it has been the resort of the man and woman who needs a new liver and would be immensely benefited by a change of heart. Old Roman generals once made excuses for camping here and washing rheumatism and wine out of their systems. Now people come for excessive obesity and try to get rid of over doses of Bavarian beer and the same old rheumatism. The hot waters of Wiesbaden—then called Mattiacun—were known in the fashionable salons of Tiberius, and the bleached blondes of that period got their soap from here. Located as it is in the heart of the wine region, it was a good place for sprees. Those whose excesses had used them up came here and got well enough to break out in a new place. Somehow such people never reform. We never do it on a physical basis. Reformation is not produced by gout, but by penitence. When the thorn in the flesh is removed the old anxiety to have "a good time" takes its place. When we get sick we feel sorry for the excesses which caused it; when we get well we forget that we were ever sick and proceed to obtain a new introduction to the follies which lead up—or down—to pain. Men who get well enough to stand a few bottles per day are almost sure to resume their habits and take on a new fit of gout. It is strange, but true, that we must have a mental, emotional or spiritual change—call it what you will—to bring about either a physical or spiritual or a moral difference.

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I like Germany, and I like Wiesbaden. It is quite possible that that well advertised town could do without my expression of approval, but it is welcome to all the good things I can say of it. My experience here has been broadening and consequently beneficial. I like to see the men and women from all parts of the world gather together and drink the waters early in the morning, while the band plays and this little performance of life goes on. It is a pretty sight to witness pilgrims from all over the wide world gathering together to drink hot stuff tasting like unsalted beef tea, and hoping that it will make them able to consume unlimited quantities of beer later on. There is none of that offensive sickliness here that one sees in southern health resorts, where the patients sit in long rows before winter hotels and cough and expectorate and tell about night sweats and hemorrhages. Comfortable but over fat people waddle in and drink a couple of quarts of hot stuff in the Trinkhalle and walk a mile or two before breakfast. Of course they get thinner; they would thin out at home on hot salt water and walking. Then they lie and soak in hot mineral water for from ten minutes to an hour per day, and wander around the garden with beads of sweat as big as peas rolling down them, and bless the gods that gave them such a bath. Moreover, the waters are appetizing and an hour after drinking a half a gallon out of the great, big, bubbling, green-yellow spring, one feels more like eating than ever before. Indeed, one seems to have parted with all the nourishment that had ever been taken and is in haste to put away some indigestible thing which will act as an irritant and renew whatever trouble drove the pilgrim here. Yet there is a vast amount of happiness even amongst the sick people who are trundled about in chairs, though there is least among the people who imagine themselves sick and came here to loaf. They talk in all the languages of Babel, smile and frown in the one language which makes life pleasant or miserable to those about them, and altogether make this city a panorama of human nature.

HOTEL. THE DUCAL PALACE. THE THEATER TO THE RIGHT.

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It is the greatest city for babies that I have ever seen. The poor all have as many babies as they can count and oft more than they can feed, most of them bow-legged. I do not know what is the matter with them, but with so much mineral in the water there ought to be more bone in these babies' legs. There are two varieties of bow legs here, those that bow in and those that bow out. It seems to be either one thing or the other. The grown-up people seem to be straight enough, but the youngsters are either an O or an X. Walking too young and insufficient food the doctors say! It is hard lines that in the midst of so much luxury the poor should have too little to eat.

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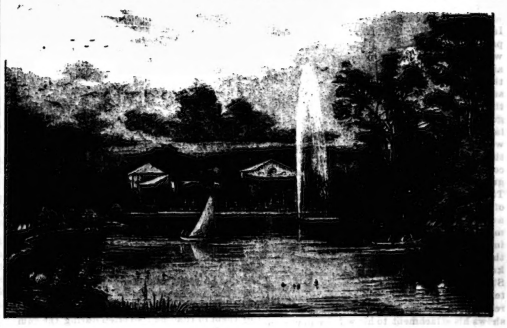
There was a time, not so very long ago, when I held it as an indisputable fact that Canada and the United States had left the old countries quite out of the race. I have been, I think, in some thirty-seven states and three or four of the territories of the country to the south of us, and this, with some knowledge of my native Canada and Mexico, made me feel well qualified to judge of the entire earth and its peoples and politics. When I went to Great Britain three years ago I began to feel that I didn't know quite all about it. In new and natural things our wild and woolly west may take the lead, but there are old things in human nature, in adorned nature, in art and architecture which have a meaning and an influence that I am only beginning to feel and comprehend. Confession is said to be good for the soul, and if made publicly may be good for many souls. America is not all of it. We laugh at the effete monarchies and at those who permit them to exist as old-fashioned people. Fortunately they don't know our weaknesses but are content with their own strength, and cannot laugh back, as



THE KURSAAL—REAR VIEW FROM THE LAKE.

well they might if they knew us as well as those of us know ourselves who have seen both.

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The schools of Wiesbaden are excellent. Girls can be educated and boarded in the best of them for two hundred and fifty dollars a year. For boys it costs perhaps a hundred dollars more. Public schools are also more than usually good. Nobody can teach a school of any kind without passing an examination. Any institution which pretends to take charge of primary education must be licensed by the state, and excellent educationalists make the rounds of private institutions, teaching their specialties and lecturing almost as thoroughly on the various topics as the professors in our colleges. There is a discipline exercised which is of inestimable value to American youngsters, and as the results of personal observation and an educational experiment I am trying with my own little ones make me more entitled to speak, I shall write further on the benefits of this class of education to American and Canadian children. It is impossible to suppose that with the finished and artistic surroundings, the culture and cosmopolitanism of a place like this children should not obtain a wider view of things than in the ward school or private institution of a colonial city. Whether such an experience is valuable or misleading may be open to argument, but at best it must be the argument of those who hold that ignorance is bliss. I can accept this doctrine to a certain extent. Often, indeed, is ignorance bliss, but the awakening is blister. It is, perhaps, better to have more of the modified form of the blister than to writhe in the agonies of mental torture for a dangerously long period after a short spell of ignorant and thoughtless pleasure. Unless we hope to turn back the hands of the clock which tells us that now more than ever knowledge is power, I think we had better know what there is in it. It is harder to rectify mistakes than to avoid them. Education may produce cynicism, but it teaches us to avoid great sorrows. With what little we know we suffer enough. If we and our neighbors combined to know less our sufferings would be reduced, but when our kinsfolk the world over are combining to know more, we must either know as much as they do or be their dupes. The revelations at home in Canada in political and civil matters must incline everyone to the belief that this world is not entirely good. Those who are forced to engage in a struggle for existence are aware that blushes, while adoring maidenhood, do not protect the innocent from betrayal nor commend the inexperienced to the confidence of those who lend money. If we are to keep up with the procession we must know how the procession walks, and somehow learn to keep step with our comrades. It is hard to walk with the ungodly and remain good, yet we must walk and we can't always choose our companions, and the climax of modern education seems to be the possession of knowledge and the retention of a belief in good things. In the acceptance and teaching of good things Germany is not behind other lands; in practice she goes as near the forbidden ground as is safe, but her people seem to learn to walk uprightly and fewer appear to fall over the edge into the gulf which yawns for those who know not that walking is dangerous where it seems to be most pleasant.

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I have given so much space to Wiesbaden because it seems to me the most beautiful of German cities. Though it is by no means as large as many others, yet with its seventy-five or a hundred thousand people it is typical of

the best side of the country. There are no beggars. The aged with sad eyes and outstretched hands solicit alms nowhere, the deformed are not permitted to importune the passer-by. They may be starving in a back alley or cared for by the state, no one can tell, but nothing is permitted to happen to make the town unpleasant for the visitor. The pavements, ten or fifteen feet wide, are for those who have money to spend. The dogs and the poor draw carts in the street. It is a wonderful town for dogs. They breed them and work them; they buy and sell them. The dog is one of the staples of the place. The bread wagons, the beer and wine wagons are drawn by dogs, though sometimes a boy or an old woman is hitched up with a great big cur in a way to make the human species sorry. As a rule, however, the dog takes the main brunt of the load when the wagon is in motion. He watches it when beside the curb it stands as a stall. He pants and his tongue hangs out as he goes to town. He yelps and jogs along with weary joy as he goes homeward, but on every street, in every alley, the dog and the old woman seem to be in demand for the amount of freight they can haul.

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Big dogs and little dogs, blood hounds, St. Bernards, collies, mongrels, spaniels: everything that can pull a pound must earn his or her taxes, for it costs six or seven dollars a year for a dog to live in Wiesbaden. The rate has been raised so that the unpleasant spectacle of a dog and an old woman doing hard work should not irritate the visitor. Nevertheless everybody keeps a dog or two, but the same rule does not hold good there as here, that the poorer a man gets the more dogs he keeps.

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Next to dogs are the nurses. I do not say that the dogs are better cared for than the nurses, but they are more numerous. I tried for several days to get a picture of one of the provincial baby carriers. They accompany the rural magnates to this resurrection place of the liver, and nothing anywhere else in the world is to be compared with them. They wear caps with wings on 'em which look like ears, only they are as big as a Japanese fan. They seem to wear hoops too, for their very short dresses bulge out until they are six or eight feet in diameter. Their fancy stockings are coarse and their slippers something dreadful, just one remove from wooden shoes. Generally they wear their dresses low cut, a white handkerchief and a considerably tanned bosom filling up the space. However, they carry a baby as if they knew how, and with a big fat youngster on their arm they loiter down the street as if they were free from every care and encumbrance, their clocked stockings moving past one another with the regularity of machinery. No doubt in their native place they are considered ladies in waiting to milord, and cut quite a wide swath. In Wiesbaden they are not in it, yet they patrol the streets with the same profound dignity that overawes the peasant in their native parish.

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As I am describing Wiesbaden as a typical German city of the best class, I might mention that the horse and steam cars which traverse the streets are well managed. They have a certain number of points at which they stop. Between those it is useless to make any signals. On the tickets are printed the names of these localities and you pay according to the distance you ride, which is, I think, a very just system. The men all wear uniforms, and the entire business is done decently and in order. Hacks are cheap. You can ride anywhere for twenty five cents. If the distance be little and the passengers many, the rate is small accordingly. Mrs. Don took the children to the circus one day, and, being late, took a hack. It was only four or five blocks off, and the charge was sixty pfennings—fifteen cents. We could not get much of a hack ride in Toronto for that sum. At the stable in Toronto, where I have an unpaid bill, it takes seventy-five cents to have anything hitched up.

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At the theater nearly all the seats and loges are held by subscribers, so that no matter what the performance may be the manager knows exactly beforehand what he will realize. There is a project under foot for a more modern edifice. On Sunday the chief performance takes place, and what may be considered a reasonably fine building is crowded. Drunkenness is a rare but not unknown thing, and though some of the boys go home singing a song the police do not interfere. That is considered one of the privileges of being alive. After eleven o'clock Toronto is not in the race with Wiesbaden as a quiet, orderly city. Indeed, at no time of the day is there any comparison to be instituted. The dresses of the women from the highest up to the lowest down are tasteful, and I must remark in passing that nowhere else outside of Germany can such busts be seen. The women are larger than the men and vastly outnumber them. A government official in Stuttgart told me that in the kingdom of Saxony there were seven women to one man. So it is not wonderful that upon the feminine portion of the community devolves the task of reaping the grain and doing much of the menial work. Things are not as they used to be in the land of the Kaiser, but even yet a woman is regarded as the head servant in the household. She has more privileges than the other domestics, but in the eye of her lord and master belongs to their class. Yet she has many pleasures unknown to her more favored American sister. She is taken out with the family to all the entertainments attended by her husband; his recreations are hers and the domestic man shows his attachment to his wife by never appearing in public without her. He jingles his glass of beer with hers, and together they seem to have an excellent time.

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I do not think that everything is admirable in this country, but we do not have everything our own way in America. They may have perhaps less home life than we do, yet nowhere can be found greater attachment between the wife and husband, no more desirable relation between the parent and the child, no finer discipline in the army, no greater preparation for anything that may happen than in the land of sauerkraut and cheese, of beer and Rhine wine.

DON.

Around Town.

I have this week to acknowledge a couple of subscriptions which were addressed to me personally rather than to Don. My absence from the city is sufficient explanation of the letters not having been opened and acknowledged. Those having occasion to write to me I must ask to address their communications either to the editor or to Don, as all letters personally addressed are left unopened until the return of each member of the staff. To the many who have written me with regard to the fraud who has been extorting money as an artist in pecuniary difficulties, I must say "Thank you." It is evident from the stack of letters before me that this swindle has been practiced on many, and I could give a long list of those who have subscribed from two to five dollars for the maintenance of one who was evidently unworthy of support.

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Following are the subscriptions to the Fresh Air Fund, and I must thank my numerous readers for their liberality during the past season, as with this week's issue the subscriptions will be closed for the year:

August 11—Muskoka	2 00
July 26—A "Boy Man"	2 00
Previously acknowledged	$133 00
Total	$137 00

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Canada has succeeded in disgracing herself politically. The discussion that I have heard abroad, of our politics has convinced me that the lengthy and expensive reports of the *Times* have been widely read. The clever article of Zeke in the last number of SATURDAY NIGHT puts this matter as it should stand, and I cannot resume my old place and work without complimenting the clever young journalist who has been supplementing my contributions. I have read his articles and observed his style with a great deal of interest, and have almost envied him his pleasant manner of expression and thoughtful method of composition. For him I prophesy a good future while quietly complimenting myself on having observed his ability while he was editor of a small country weekly, and having had the pleasure of introducing him to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Arriving home from my trip to Germany I find my letter occupies even more space than I am entitled to use, and consequently I have no room for "Around Town" this week. This may perhaps be fortunate, as I have no ideas and were I forced to fill space my work might be very tiresome. Next week I hope to resume the even tenor of my way. I hope everyone is rested after their holiday-making and will be as willing to read as I shall be glad to write. In Canada the gods have been very good to us and no matter what may happen elsewhere a season of prosperity and I hope peace and good will, has been inaugurated. When I drop out of local matters and come back again it is with a sincere wish that all my mistakes and crudities have been forgotten. Believing that such is the case, next week, like a preacher who has returned from his tour abroad, I shall resume my pulpit and shall hope to be listened to as patiently by my kind friends as in the past.

DON.

Social and Personal.

A very charming dance was given by Mrs. Stephen Jarvis at her pretty vine clad house on Beverley street on Thursday evening, for her niece, Miss Wintermute, who we regret to hear returns to Chicago at the end of the week. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Temple, Dr. and Mrs. Ogden Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heaton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Æ nilus Jarvis, the Misses Meredith, Yarker, Cawthra, Jarvis, Hagarty, Dennistown, Grant, Macdonald, Mr. and Miss Grayson Smith, Messrs. Payne, Small, Cawthra, Mayne, Campbell, Langton, Jarvis, Badgeley, S. A. Jones, Russell, Baldwin, Cartwright, Capt. Macdonnell and many others.

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A large theater party was given on Thursday of last week by Mr. Jos. B. Reed. It occupied three boxes at the Grand, and included most of the wedding party of Miss Reed, whose marriage to Mr. Hees took place on the Wednesday previous.

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Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thomson and family of 22 Wellington place have returned to Toronto this week after spending the summer at their island house in Muskoka Lake.

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Mrs. Riordan of the Queen's park has returned from her summer residence at St. Catharines.

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Dr. G. B. Smith has been on a visit to Ottawa.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron of Victoria street arrived home last week after a three months' trip to England and Scotland. They had rough weather on the return trip.

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The final hop of the Island season came off with great *eclat* last week in the hall of the Island Aquatic Association. Between two and three hundred people were present, and the room presented quite a gay appearance. Quite a number of people came over from the city for the dance. During the evening refreshments were served at various tables. Although the dance was much enjoyed by all present, yet a feeling of great regret was expressed at the thought that this was to be the last of the many happy reunions which had been enjoyed by them in that hall so often during the summer. Dancing was kept up with great spirit, despite the last evening, until a little after eleven, when the assembly broke up with cheers, and in this manner the most successful season which the Islanders have ever enjoyed came to an end.

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Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Campbell gave an At Home at their residence, 59 Winchester street, on Friday evening of last week. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers, ferns and Chinese lanterns, and in conjunction with the handsome dresses of the ladies formed a very pretty effect. The music was supplied by the Italian Orchestra, and dancing was kept up until the small hours of the morning, the only interruption being for a dainty supper which was served at twelve o'clock. The guests were Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Gorrie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Gorrie, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Hurst, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. T. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Avoch, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. M. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. W. Skirrow, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rowland, Mrs. Kendall, of Buffalo; Mrs. J. W. Holmes, Mrs. W. N. Shaver, Mrs. Rogerson, Miss Goulet, of Gananoque; Miss Ferguson, of Quebec; Miss J. Brown, and Messrs. W. P. Gundy, S. B. Gundy, Fred. J. Rowland, Herb. Rowland, Jas. Burns, and Dan. Glossup.

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With little fingers deft, and hearts willing, a galaxy of small girls combined with some of their companions to form a bazaar that they might raise funds for the Sick Children's Hospital. Accordingly a sale of goods, knicknacks, toys, and bric-a-brac took place at the residence of Mrs. W. A. Douglass, Wellesley street, on Saturday last, whereby was realized somewhere about thirty-three dollars. The little folks engaged were Winnifred E. Douglass, Jenny Doane, Winnifred Kirkland, Pearl Rutley, Eola Lennox and Edna Hutchinson. The little folks learned what a great many other people learn, that the truest pleasure is obtained in being truly useful, and were congratulated on their success.

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On Monday and Thursday of last week Dr. Smith entertained a few gentleman friends at dinner.

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St. Peter's church, Brockville, was last week the scene of the marriage of Dr. W. Fred Jackson to Miss Katherine Henrietta McDonald, daughter of Judge McDonald. The ceremony was performed by Ven. Archdeacon Jones, assisted by Rev. Ogilvie G. Dobbs, M.A. The bridesmaids were Miss Laura Ireland of Toronto and Miss Ethelwyn Mowat of Kingston, cousins of the bride, Miss Glatz of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Miss Agnes Reynolds and Miss Bernice Jackson of Brockville. The bride was attired in white silk trimmed with chiffon, and wore a veil and orange blossoms. Miss Ireland and Miss Mowat wore dresses of cream bengaline, trimmed with *crepe de chene* and white veils, and Miss Glatz a dress of cream princess cloth, trimmed with embroidery of itself, while the two wee bridesmaids, Miss Reynolds and Miss Jackson, were attired in cream stuffs, trimmed with ribbons, wore small white caps and carried baskets of roses. The groom was supported by Mr. E. P. Comstock, and the ushers were Messrs. James A. Hutcheson, Allison G. Bowk, H. M. Mowat of Toronto, John H. McDonald, A. C. Loosemore, and Harold Bedford Jones.

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Miss Teresa Watt and Miss Hall of Buffalo are visiting Miss Richardson of 198 Carlton street.

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The final hop given on Saturday by the Argonaut Boat Club was a success in every way. The weather was all that could be desired and the pleasant boat house was filled with society people who danced and chatted and watched the races with every appearance of enjoyment. The floor was perhaps a little too slippery even for the most sure-footed, but as the afternoon was rather warm for dancing the crowd mostly preferred to enjoy the lake breezes on the roof and balconies, until the twilight deepened into night. The refreshments were tempting and daintily served.

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The Church of the Redeemer was filled with a crowd of fashionable folk to witness the marriage of Miss Grace Adela Jaffray and Mr. Frank Rolph on Monday last. Rev. Septimus Jones officiated. The bridal party consisted of the Misses Nell Jaffray and Nettie Rolph, sisters respectively of the bride and groom, and who acted as bridesmaids; and Messrs. Harold Rolph and Robert Jaffray, jr., who supported the groom. The bride wore a traveling costume of fawn and brown, and her maids were attired in similar fashion. Mr. and Mrs. Rolph went down the St. Lawrence for the wedding tour, and have decided to take up house at No. 429 Euclid avenue on their return.

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Mrs. Wm. Mulock and family have returned from a summer in Newmarket.

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Mrs. Andrew Thomson of London is visiting her sister, Mrs. Aytoun Findlay of Wellesley street.

*

Mrs. Cameron's handsome residence on the corner of Carlton and Church streets, which has been remodelled and decorated, is fast approaching completion. An addition of a fine art gallery on the west side promises to afford a most interesting feature when Toronto fashionables again enjoy the charming hospitality of Mrs. Cameron.

*

Mr. Charles Robertson and family have returned from their summer residence in North Toronto and taken up house at No. 35 Sussex avenue.

*

Mr. S. Raymond, of the Imperial Bank, has gone to Fergus as manager.

*

Mr. R. L. Wemys, of the Imperial Bank, has gone to St. Catharines on promotion.

*

The Cooking School, the latest fashionable fad in Toronto, is now in full swing, and numerous dainty ladies may be seen wending their way to the corner of Yonge and Magill streets, where the classes are held in the Y. M. C. A. building. I hope to give my readers a full description of the organization next week.

*

Prof., Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder are visiting in Ottawa.

*

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Elgie have returned to the city after a very pleasant summer at the Island. Mrs. Elgie will receive this month at 640 Church street.

*

Miss E. Rolson, Mrs. Shaver and Mr. C. Bocz of Berkeley street church, and Mr. A. L. E. Davies of Jarvis street Baptist church, most kindly assisted Mr. H. Jenner, the organist of St. Clarens avenue Methodist church last Sunday evening by rendering the anthems, Praise Ye the Father, from Gounod, and O Saviour of the World, from Sullivan's Light of the World. It was indeed a treat to listen to their magnificent voices, and great disappointment has been expressed that Mr. Jenner did not make their visit more widely known.

*

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Grafton and the Misses Edith and Lou Grafton have returned from their continental trip.

*

Miss Nana Grange of Chatanooga, Tennessee, left this week for her southern home, to the regret of her many friends in this city.

*

Hon. Mr. Villiers of the British Foreign Office, brother of Lady Stanley, is the guest of the Governor General at the Citadel.

*

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott of 339 Sherbourne street have returned to their home after a three months' trip to Europe.

*

A pleasant dance which was attended by a number of Toronto's *jeunesse doree* was given by the Misses Howland on Thursday evening.

*

A large number of people went out to the Humber on Wednesday to attend the first annual reunion of the Sunnyside Aquatic Association. Some capital races were witnessed, and a pleasant afternoon spent.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty and family have returned to their own house in Queen's park, which has been greatly improved and enlarged during the summer.

*

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Janes have taken possession of their palatial residence above Avenue road, which is now completed and is one of the largest houses of which Toronto can boast.

*

The wedding of Miss Mabel Hooper, daughter of Capt. Hooper of Rosedale, and Mr. Ernest Wood will take place in St. Simon's church shortly.

*

A delightful garden party was given at Chestnut Park, the residence of Sir David McPherson, on Tuesday afternoon.

*

Capt. and Mrs. Elliott have returned to Toronto.

*

Mrs. Wade, who has been visiting her father, Mr. D. B. Read, Q.C., returned to Winnipeg on Monday.

*

Sir Edwin Arnold will lecture in the Auditorium on November 26.

*

A new and delightful social departure was made this week by some of the society people of Toronto in the shape of a driving reunion in the Queen's park. A number of handsomely dressed women and neatly set up men were gathered round the guns in dog carts, Victorias, carriages and every style of fashionable turnout. Some gentlemen were on horseback, and several ladies handled the ribbons with skill and grace. The music of the Grenadiers' band enlivened the scene, which everyone seemed to enjoy. These rendezvous are set for Monday and Friday of each week, so long as fine weather lasts, and are quite a social success. The fashion leaders of Toronto had a happy inspiration when they arranged them. Among the numerous riders and occupants of stylish turnouts were Col. Otter and party in the "Old Fort," a capacious four-in-hand, two graceful tandems, driven by Messrs. C. N. Shanly and Laurie, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty in a handsome landau drawn by a stylish pair, the Misses Beatty driving a good looking chestnut and bay, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mara in a tea cart drawn by a stylish bay and chestnut, Mrs. James Carruthers in a Victoria with Phyllis between the shafts, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald in a Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby in a landau, Col. and Mrs. Dawson in a Victoria, Mr. Robert Myles on Black Cloud, Mrs. E.W. Cox in a Victoria, drawn by a handsome pair, Mrs. F. G. Cox and Miss A. Forbes, Woodstock, in a Victoria, Mr. F. P. Jeffrey on The Kid, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. C. Bolton in a dog cart, Mr. and Mrs. C. Brown in a dog cart, with a very handsome bay between the shafts, Mr. J. Gordon McKay in a dog cart, Mr. L. O. P. Genereux in a four-wheel dog cart, with a stylish pair of bays, Mr. Henry Cawthra, driving a good-looking pair of brown geldings, Mr. A. G. Brown and Mr. J. McKellar in a Tilbury, Mr. Lionel H. Clark in a dog cart, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford in a surrey, Mrs. R. Myles in a landau, Mr. G. A. Stinson in a dog cart, Miss Ford and Miss Rutherford in a brougham, Mr. Percy Hodgins in a Victoria, Mr. A. McLean Howard in a dog cart, Mrs. C. W. and Miss Bunting in a landau, Mr. John Marrow on Comique, Capt. Grant on Cheesecake, Mr. W. Strathy on a handsome mount, Mrs. Irish in a Victoria, Mr. J. D. Matheson in a tilbury with the stylish chestnut mare Regina in the shafts.

*

Perhaps one or two hints might be offered regarding this venture: First, that carriages do not congregate nearest the band and so block the roadway. Secondly, that all should not drive in the same direction; and thirdly, that the promoters of the scheme petition the City Council to improve the road, which at present is far from satisfactory. This being done, success, we think, is assured. The turnout for a city the size of Toronto was extremely creditable, and will doubtless increase in numbers as this new society venture becomes more widely known.

*

Mrs. Meredith gave an At Home on Monday afternoon, September 21, which was largely

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

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What Women Wear.

URELY they wear what becomes them if they are wise, but all women are not wise, any more than beautiful, and in proof of their folly they dress unbecomingly. In this month's fashions there are diversities enough so that no woman need lack a suitable and becoming toilettte. To begin at the beginning, or rather at the top, what varied and wonderful styles are in hats and bonnets. A little pancake of gray velvet has a nest of plaid ribbon bows and a flaming little bird on its upper surface, and a demure felt walking hat has two surprised-looking pairs of white wings lightly pinned to the sides of the crown, which, with a twist of navy blue ribbon, are its garniture. The felt walking hats are neat and sensible for plain fall wear and most becoming, but the hair must not be dressed quite on the top of the head, because that gives a cutaway and unfinished air when the English walking hat is worn. A dainty opera bonnet is a golden butterfly on a ring of black rolled velvet, and another is a ring of tiny white or pink ostrich plumes, with a frosted silver puff of gauze in it by way of a crown. Aigrettes still wave over modish bonnets, and outdoor bonnets are edging toward the neat princess shape once more.

For neck wear are soft falling collars of *chiffon*, with long wide ends hanging to the waist, high velvet dogcollars of gold braided costume cloth to match the gown or trimming, and the flaring Medici and other antique shapes. Boas of cocks' feathers are worn with many rich costumes, and the new directoire cravat of silk mull, which winds three times round the neck and ties in an immense bow, is stylish. It is a variety of the Bernhardt tie, which the thin French woman used years ago to soften and enshroud her gauntness.

In wraps and cloaks we find the size increased. The Russian cloak, with a high collar and the plain half-length circular, are both very fashionable. A natty coat shows a fancy waistcoat, and has long hip pieces and revers. Also I notice the dainty braided and beaded wraps set on a velvet or passementerie yoke, either round or pointed, are indispensable for afternoon wear. For opera cloaks the tendency is also to length and any gorgeousness of trimming in gold braid, passementerie or embroidery. A favorite finish is the flat band of Llama fringe, which is delightfully soft and cosy-looking.

Though an effort has been made to introduce glace kid gloves, ladies seem determined to retain the undress and suede gloves. The dark stitching on white and cream will last until the days of light gowns and white woollen jackets are over, at all events; and there are so many delicious new shades in the favorite undressed kid, and the gloves are so much prettier when on the hand, that probably they will have another season of undiminished popularity, to the cost of the glace variety.

The velvet corselet is on the new fall basques. It comes rather high all round, and is edged with a guimpe of braid silk cord or beaded trimming. The sleeves show the high shoulders, varied by being formed of different material to the gown, and set in with a handsome passementerie garniture on the plain sleeve. A pretty blue serge for steady wear, has a corselet of navy velvet and a French skirt, made with the single seam behind. The skirt has no foundation skirt, but is lined throughout, and has a small velvet box-pleating, just showing below the edge. A handsome plaid costume of gray and black (the most fashionable combination just now) has the bodice fastened on the left shoulder and under the arm and cut a little round the bottom, while the French skirt is corded at the top, instead of set into a band and hooks loosely two inches or more below the waistline, being finished by a black velvet frill about six or seven inches in depth, and which appears to the uninitiated to be the garniture of the bodice. It takes very little material for a gown of this pattern, so that one can indulge in richer stuffs and handsome trimmings. I am sorry to say that the senseless and untidy and unsanitary short train still obtains favor and defies doctors and disapproval.

The boots of the autumn are sometimes soft Russia leather top and patent leather toe pieces. A pretty effect is made by having the fronts braided in black to a point on the toe; this gives a delightful appearance of narrowness to the foot, and has been popular in the summer styles of lighter shades. A pretty shoe is of embossed leather in all manner of colors. It is trimmed with a large buckle and has a high pointed front. I am afraid that, as a rule, we are not dainty and careful enough about our footwear. You know how dainty a French woman is in dress, and what a knack she has of wearing it. One day I was travelling with a party of chance comrades of whom one was a charming and beautifully dressed lady. Her neat array had a *distingue* air, and I whispered to my *confidant*, "Isn't she a French woman? Couldn't you tell it by her dress?" She watched her step from the platform to an omnibus and said with a slight smile, "English. See her boots!" And truly they were her betrayal.

LA MODE.

Young and Foolish.

At a conversazione held in Berlin on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Catholic Reading Association, the late Dr. Windthorst narrated the following:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The young serenader who has just been treating us to a specimen of his musical powers was more fortunate than I was in a similar situation. I, too, have been young—and foolish. At one romantic period of my life I determined to serenade my sweetheart. I carried out my design, and, after finishing my song under the window, I executed a strategical movement to the rear to see if I could detect my beloved peeping from behind the curtains. In doing so, I miscalculated my bearing, forgetting the fact that there was behind me a running brook, into which I fell, and, when struggling in the water, I became fully aware of the depth and ardor of my affection."

Golden-Rod.

Oh, golden-rod!
Didst thou not know how long the winter lasted,
How wearily we waited for the spring?
Couldst thou not wait, thou sign of waning summer
Nor yet quite fling—
Thou thoughtless eager-footed comer—
Along the road and o'er each green hillside
The golden banners wide!

Dost thou not know how long we watched the pine tips
Before they opened all their golden store?
How long before the gray old maple branches
Burned red to tell that spring had come once more?
Before the adler tassels drooped and quivered
Above the rare green in the meadow mere?
Before the earth stirred softly with the stirring
Of germ and rootlet, and we could not hear?

Ah no! thou knowest not! No sign of sorrow
Is in thy face. No vigils dost thou keep;
For thee there is no rest and no to-morrow.
What is not joy to thee is dreamless sleep.
Thou sleepest warm through all the lingering winter;
There starts no memory where thou art laid;
Blind to the future, too, thou knowest never
How short the time before thou too must fade.

Thou art some wild beacon, broadly flaring,
Startling from rocky height the peaceful town,
That cries in flame along the far horizon,
"Behold, the enemy comes sweeping down!
Arise, for rest is past! Beat out the ploughshare!
Forge gleaming blade and spear! Gird sword on thigh!"
From hill to hill thy signal fires leap blazing;
Far from the north they light up all the sky.

Unconscious herald! Thine to bear the tidings,
The certain winter it is sure to know.
The waiting is so weary long, and summer—
We scarcely know her ere she turns to go.
Oh, golden-rod! Couldst thou no longer tarry?
Droops the red clover, fades the elder's snow;
The firewood dies as dies the waving daisy,
While far and wide the yellow banners blow.

Oh, golden-rod!
Thou dost not know how long the winter lasted,
How wearily we waited for the spring!
Thou couldst not wait, thou sign of waning summer,
That now dost fling—
Thou thoughtless, eager-footed comer—
Along the road and o'er the green hillside—
The golden banners wide.

Forced Gaiety.

O'Hara—Wot's the W for, Bill?
Billy—W'istle.

O'Hara—Dom'd av I feel much like w'istlin'; but I s'pose we have a roight to comply wid th' regulations av th' road.

The Emperor's Joke.

When the German Emperor was at lunch with Lord Salisbury, at Ratfield House, the wife of the French Ambassador dropped her necklace on the floor. The Portuguese Ambassador, who sat next to Madame Waddington, gallantly came to the rescue and assisted the lady in refastening her necklace. The little incident had not escaped the notice of the Emperor, who, seeing also the Prince of Wales lending his aid to the Portuguese Ambassador, exclaimed in jocular tones: "Help! Help! Portugal is in the act of strangling France, and Great Britain is helping to perpetrate the deed"—an observation which afforded considerable amusement to the guests, and more especially to Mr. Waddington, to whom it was first addressed.

Better off Than the Old Man

"No," said the old man; "I can't go inter sassiety, because I ain't got no gran'father; but, I tell you, my gran'children's got one; and, oh! how they do go it!"

Willing to do His Best.

"Johnny," said the pretty teacher; "what is a kiss?"

"I can't exactly put it in words," returned the boy; "but if yer really wanter know, I can show yer."

Fall Millinery

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Fash'on and Fabric from France England and America

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Fans and Perfumes, New Veilings

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WE'RE on deck as you'd expect with the latest and best in Mantle stocks. What have we? Well, our buyer did not spend two months in the very heart of fashion's market and miss anything that's worth having.

Stylish folk will be attracted at once with the three-quarter cape. It is the newest thing, and if you want to do as they do in Paris, you'll have a cape. Trimmed with the new nail-headed trimmings, handsomely embroidered and in all the newest shades, garnets, ambers, anything, fashionable and high collar, they're unquestionably handsome.

Three-quarter tight-fitting Jackets with hip seam are going to be the popular vogue. Many are trimmed in Astrachan, which will be much used this year in trimmings.

Reefer Jackets will be worn as largely as ever in all the most serviceable colors. The Children's Reefer will certainly be on top.

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Children's Reefers
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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

A DRAMA OF DEATH.

"Let me give you one more chance, Lord Bernard," said Neillson, speaking rapidly, but in a low, tremulous tone. "Let me swear to you here, on the threshold of death, by every hope I have of another world, that it will be better for you if you let me carry my secret with me into the grave which awaits us. You will die a happier man—and so shall I."

"You have passed your word, Neillson, and I claim it," was the firm, unhesitating answer. "Speak! I am waiting, and the time is short."

He commenced at once. His voice was weak, and broken with agitation, but in Lord Alceston's ears it drowned the wild, onward rush and backward motion of the angry waves, and rang out above the screech of the dragged pebbles and the weird cries of the wheeling sea-gulls. He heard nothing but that faltering voice, pouring out an ill-told, disconnected story, of which he fast gathered up the threads. It seemed in those few minutes, which he looked upon as his last on earth, almost as though his intelligence and perceptions were quickened and intensified—as though everything which he was told, every fact and incident stood out in bolder colors, and his mind was gifted with added powers of reception and comprehension. And this is the story to which he listened:

"I was engaged by Mr. Brudnell to be your father's confidential servant, just before he started for a brief continental tour. He was then only twenty-one years old, but he was an orphan, as your lordship knows, and his own master.

"We traveled about for some time in a leisurely manner, staying longest in Paris, and at a little village up amongst the Swiss mountains. Except for Paris, your father seemed to care very little for cities, and we spent most of our time in out-of-the-way places, which led us to a small watering-place on the French coast, within a short distance of Nice. My master liked the place, and we took up our quarters for some time at the hotel.

"It was here at the casino, that your father met the Count D'Augeville. The count was of good family, and had very pleasant manners. A slight acquaintance, begun in the most casual way, grew into intimacy. Alas! Alas! Alas! . . .

"Soon your father began to visit at the count's villa. It was a nice place, right away from the town, and finely situated close to the cliffs. The count was a widower, with two daughters. To sum him up at once, he was also a scoundrel and a gambler.

"The daughters were twins, both beautiful, and wonderfully alike. From the moment of his introduction to them, a change seemed to come over my master. During all the time I had been with him I had scarcely seen him speak to a woman, except when he had been obliged. Now he seemed completely fascinated. He was always there, either riding, or walking on the cliffs, or driving into the town with one of them.

"Cecile and Marie were their names. They were both in love with him, I am sure. Which he preferred I could not tell at that time. When he sent bouquets and presents, he generally sent to both of them, and he was with one as often as the other. Of course, there was a good deal of gossip about them in the town, but Miss Cecile's name was generally mentioned, as Miss Marie had another admirer, to whom she was generally supposed to be engaged, and whom she afterwards married.

"While this was going on in the daytime, my master was losing large sums of money, being cheated out of them, in fact, at cards, by Count D'Augeville. Once I remember he had to go to England to raise the money for a debt owing to him. Then I ventured to remonstrate with him, and very nearly got dismissed.

"It was one night when we were at the Villa D'Augeville. The count and my master had been playing cards all the evening, and were sitting at a little round table close to the window, which was open. They had finished when my master saw me strolling about the garden and called me in.

"'Neillson,' he said, quietly, 'I wish you to listen to what I am going to say to the Count D'Augeville.'

"The count looked up startled. My master went on quite calmly.

"'You hold me your debtor for to-night's play to the amount of twelve thousand francs, I believe.'

"'That is the amount,' the count said.

"'And you have won during the last month about one hundred and twenty thousand francs from me.'

"The count frowned. 'I don't remember the amount,' he said, haughtily. 'Gentlemen don't talk about such things afterwards.'

"'The hundred and twenty thousand francs I have paid,' my master continued; 'this twelve thousand I shall not pay.'

"'And why the devil not?' cried the count, springing up.

"'Because the odds are scarcely fair. In return for the lesson which you have just given me, Count D'Augeville, permit me to give you one. Gentlemen do not play poker with marked cards.'

"As he spoke he snatched at the pack which was lying between them on the table, and passed them to me.

"'Examine those cards, Neillson,' he said, coolly. 'You observe where each one is marked at the right-hand corner?'

"I saw it at once, and told him so. Then he passed them on to the two other gentlemen who had advanced from the other end of the room. They both looked at them and shrugged their shoulders. The fact that they were marked cards was undeniable.

"The count had been sitting quite still, pale and dazed. Even now he did not speak a word, and my master went on:

"'Under these circumstances, Count D'Augeville, I shall not remain any longer under your roof. I have to inform you that your daughter Cecile was married to me last week at the Protestant church at Nice. I am sorry that I have not a copy of the certificate with me, but you will find the entry in the book if you care to go and look for it. I intend my wife to leave this house with me to-night.'

"Suddenly we heard the sound of trailing draperies behind, and Mademoiselle Marie swept up to the little group, her face white with passion, and her great eyes gleaming like fire in the moonlight.

"'It is false, *mon pere*,' she cried, falling on her knees before him. 'He is base, perfidious, a traitor. Cecile is not married to him. If she leaves this house with him to-night she will go to her ruin. You will not let her go, father! wicked man that he is. He put those cards on the table to himself. I saw him do it.'

"His daughter's words seemed to give the count fresh courage. He sprang to his feet shaking with anger.

"'You are a liar, Alceston,' he cried passionately. 'You shall give me satisfaction for this, and at once.'

"My master stood up quickly.

"'I shall not fight you,' he said, 'because, in the first place, you are my wife's father; and in the next, you are a common thief, unworthy to cross swords with an English gentleman.'

"How he did it I don't know, but somehow Count D'Augeville hurled a wine glass, which hit my master on the forehead. I saw the blood streaming down his forehead, but he scarcely seemed to notice it.

"'You rascal,' screamed the count, 'I am noble, too, and you shall fight me.'

"My master hesitated for a moment; then he touched his forehead lightly.

"'After this,' he said, 'I rescind my words. I am at your service, when and where you please.'

"'Now; this moment!' cried the count. 'The moon is full, and it is as light as day. Monsieur D'Armande will be your second. Victor, you will stand by me in this!' he said to the other man, whose name I have forgotten.

"My master lifted the curtain and looked outside. It was, as the count had said, as light as day.

"'As you will,' he said carelessly. 'Monsieur D'Armande, will you honor me?'

"Monsieur Victor and Count D'Augeville whispered together for a moment or two; then the latter came up to my master and Monsieur D'Armande.

"'Monsieur the count,' he said, 'has no duelling pistols at hand, but several rapiers. Has Lord Alceston any objections to fight with these weapons?'

"'Not the slightest,' my master answered. I saw a savage gleam of joy flash into Count D'Augeville's face. No doubt he thought that because my master was an Englishman he could not fence. But I knew better, and I was glad of the choice. I knew that my master was the most brilliant swordsman I had ever seen. One never knows what may happen with pistols; but with swords I felt quite sure that my master must win.

"They opened the windows and trooped down the broad, white steps on to the lawn. My master was the last to go, and as he was quitting the room Mademoiselle Marie laid hold of his arm and whispered something imploringly in his ear. He shook her off, and turned away without a word. I shall never forget her face. If a look could have slain him he would have been a dead man.

"It was a strange scene on that little plot of grass—I don't think I ever saw a stranger one. The whole garden was heavy with the scent of flowers and creepers, mingled with the aromatic perfume from the plantation of pine trees which bordered the grounds and sloped downward to the sea. Everything was as light and clear as day; only there was the deep midnight stillness and the starlit sky. The figures on the lawn, with their drawn swords flashing coldly in the moonlight, seemed like a party of devils breaking into Paradise. The count's face was drawn and distorted with rage, and the other two seemed agitated too. Only my master stood there quite calm, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, leaning upon his sword, and with an odd smile upon his lips. I went to him and asked if he had anything to say to me. He only laughed.

"'If we fence till daylight,' he said, 'the count will never touch me. I never felt in better form.'

"I have seen one or two duels, but I never saw one like that. The count went at my master like a fury, but he never seemed to get any more near him. My lord stood his ground quite carelessly, smiling all the time, as though he were a fencing master indulging a pupil with a little loose play, and parrying every thrust with ridiculous ease. The count tried him every way—in carte, in tierce, in cercle, in octave, in seconde, but it was all the same. My lord was always his supposer; and, if he had chosen he could have run the count through time after time with the simplest repass, but he never once attempted it.

"They had been engaged nearly half an hour before the end came, and very unexpected it was to all of us. The count was fencing very loosely, and my lord, to vary it a little, drew back, and with a powerful flangonet, sent the count's sword a dozen yards into the air. The count somehow lost his balance and fell forward. My lord being used to the most correct fencing, had brought his sword into line again instantly he had concluded the flangonet, and the count fell right upon it before he could draw back. We heard the sword enter his body, and almost at once it came out at his back dripping with blood. My lord drew it back and leant over the count, who fell heavily backwards without a single cry.

"'He has only himself to blame for this,' my lord said, wiping his sword on the grass, and for the first time turning pale. 'I would have spared him if I could.'

"I never saw anyone die so quickly. He just drew himself up once, and clutched at the air with his fingers and then fell back again dead. But the most awful part was to come. While they were all gathered around him a tall, white figure glided down from the steps and across the grass towards them. Lord Bernard, death is close upon us, but even now the memory of that girl's face makes me shudder more than the thought of those hungry waves below. It was awful. She threw herself down on the grass by his side and wound her arms around him. But she knew directly that he was dead.

"They all fell back and stood silent. My lord for the first time appeared to be agitated. And, dropping his sword, covered his face with his hands. Suddenly she turned round upon him, the moonlight flooding down upon her beautiful golden hair and ivory marble face.

"'You! she cried. 'You! My God, was it you?'

"He moved out of the shade of the cypress tree under which he had been standing, and stretched out his arms imploringly to her. But she waved him away.

"'Out of my sight,' she cried wildly. 'Away, away! Never come near me again. Never! Murderous coward, to kill an old man!'

"'Cecile,' he cried, 'it was his own fault. Ask them if it was not. You are my wife remember.'

"She laughed; an awful laugh it was.

"'May God's curse rest for ever upon me,' she cried, 'if I smile into your face again, and much more let you touch my fingers. Dare to come near me and I will kill you. Away! Out of my sight, monster! Wretch! If men will not punish you in this world, may God do so in the next. Then she fell on her knees again by her father's side, and my lord went away."

CHAPTER XXX.

AMONGST THE WAVES.

Neillson's voice had been gradually growing fainter. Now it ceased altogether, and Lord Alceston began to fear that he would faint.

"Neillson," he said quickly, "I must hear the rest. I know nothing yet about that night."

"Give me a minute—only a minute," he begged.

Lord Alceston nodded, and waited in silence. Darkness was gradually blotting out the awful view, sinking upon the wild angry sea and half obscuring the giant cliffs. The water was all around them, and then a more than ordinary turbulent wave broke over the rock, drenching them with spray. The end could not be far off.

"I must tell you the rest as quickly as I can," Neillson whispered hoarsely, glancing around with a shudder. "They advised my lord to fly, but he preferred to face his trial, and was acquitted. A fair account of the fight was given, and general opinion was all in his favor. But Cecile D'Augeville, who was really his wife, shut herself up in a nunnery, and refused to see him. My lord returned to England, took up his commission in the army, and went to the war. On his return he had news, I do not know from where, of his wife's death. Then he married Margaret Montariol, your mother.

"I can take one step from here to the night—of his murder. There was a great reception at Alceston House—the butler sent for me. A note had been left at the door marked immediate. Was it worth while sending it up to his lordship? I took it and glanced at it curiously enough. My God, what a shock it gave me. The handwriting was the handwriting of the dead, or of Cecile D'Augeville. When I had recovered myself a little, I took it upstairs, and after a word or two of preparation I gave it to my lord. He bore it well, but it was an awful shock. He went almost at once to his study, and sent for me.

"When I answered his bell he was leaning forward in his chair, with his head buried in his hands. He looked up, and the change in his face was awful; but I have no time to talk about that. Shall I go on, Lord Bernard?

"Ay, go on," he cried impatiently. "You are making death easier. My poor mother! God help her!"

A great wave came dashing over them, and Neillson would have been swept away but that Lord Alceston passed his right arm around him and held him fast.

"The note I saw," he panted out, breathless from the shock of the water. "It is in my breast pocket now. It will perish with me. It is signed Cecile D'Augeville Alceston. It said that this was her revenge for her father's murder, for so she termed his death. She had sent him a forged certificate of death, had let him marry again, had awaited until his son—you—had grown up, and now her time had come. She had come to claim him as her lawful husband—to bring disgrace and social ruin upon him. Lord Bernard, he left his house that night, and he went to her lodgings. You remember the case of foreign daggers in his cabinet. On the morrow she was found murdered, with one of these in her heart."

"Neillson, is this true? My God!" moaned Bernard Alceston.

"I feared that something might have happened," Neillson continued. "By daybreak I was on my way to her lodgings. The murder had just been discovered. I saw the body and I knew the dagger in a moment. For a while I was bewildered how to act, but I did my best. I hurried back to Grosvenor square. The house was all silent. I went to the library. Oh, it was awful, awful," he cried wildly.

"Go on, Neillson, go on."

"I re-arranged the daggers. I left everything else in the room as it was, for the others to discover. Then I went softly to her ladyship's room. I told her! She was brave, but oh! Thank God that I am going to die; that the memory of her agony can haunt me no longer! There was but one course for me to follow, and I did it. I alone knew that my master had left his house on that night when he received a note which I knew to be miserable story was plain to me, but to no one else. It must have been perjury or flight, and we chose the latter, because my flight would divert suspicion. You see now, Lord Bernard, why I was hiding here—why I feared to meet you!"

Lord Alceston grasped his hand firmly.

"You have been a faithful servant, Neillson," he said, in an unsteady tone. "Your reward will come! May God grant it to you! Good-bye!"

"Good bye, Lord Bernard! Remember——"

A huge green mass of water loomed for a moment in the darkness, and then broke over their heads. Lord Alceston would have clung to his companion to the end, but Neillson's last act was a self-denying one. He had torn himself loose from the strong arms which encircled him, and flung himself down into the water, and his young master having both hands free fell down on his face and clung to the slippery rock. The water dashed over him and receded. Another wave was close at hand, but the moment's respite was valuable. He stood up and tossed off his boots, and as much of the remainder of his clothing as he could. Then, without waiting for the breaking wave, he plunged into the abyss of waters.

There was a singing in his ears, a dull buzzing in his head, and a dull, dreamy sensation stealing over him, numbing his aching limbs, and stopping all pain. He had battled with the waves in vain, and at last half fainting with exhaustion, he had thrown up his arms and given in. The sea was his master. He had fought hard for life, and he could fight no longer. And this was death—this gradual dwindling away of all sensations; this hazy dreaminess which was sealing fast over him. It was not so very terrible, after all—not half so terrible as the struggle. He felt himself dashed against the rock, but there was no pain. Probably some bone was broken, but he did not feel it. He was too near death. Did everyone die as easily as this, he wondered? No part of him seemed awake, save his brain, and even that was dulled. Memory was busy. Scenes of his earliest boyhood came flashing before him one after another, but he found himself contemplating them with all the languid interest of an outsider. Was he in the world? Had he ever belonged to it? Gradually all consciousness of his own identity was fading away from him. He was quite contented—in a vague, impersonal sort of way. He had an idea that he was going to rest, and he was very tired. The sooner the better.

. . . . Ah, a shock more violent than the others. It was coming now, then. Darkness—black darkness—a moment's sinking, and memory and sensation faded away without a struggle! It was over!

(To be Continued.)

COMBINATION.—Indigenous Bitters is a combination of the most valuable roots and barks noted for their medicinal qualities.

Dinny and the Sucker.

Dan Graball (catching up with Mr. Clover as the bunco man had finished with him)—Aha, me poor—it's gambling yez have been, is it? Mr. Clover (with sinking heart)—E ce-well, yes. But it was against my will.

Dan Graball (with show of humor)—Ah, come off. Against th' "bunc," ye mean. But ye can rest aisy, friend. I know all about it. Ye can jest be getting ready to come down to Headquarters along wid me.

Mr. Clover (in despair)—Oh, please don't. Please spare me that, kind sir. I have a family to look after; and I must—yes, really must—be getting home.

Dan Graball (seemingly touched)—Well, well, my man, I don't ywant to be hard on ye. But as ye know, I am a detective. And being wan, I have a jooty to perfor-rm.

Mr. Clover (utterly at loss)—Oh me, oh me!

Dan Graball (continuing—still softer)—My avocation is my bread and butter.

Mr. Clover—Oh dear, oh dear!

Dan Graball (in a reproachful whisper)—And I, too, have got a family to support.

Mr. Clover (as a kindly (!) providence lets him grasp the hidden purpose—eagerly)—W-would twenty dollars answer? It's all they left me.

Dan Graball (having first vouchsafed a look of untold gratitude for Mr. Clover's ready wit—which obviated any possibility of his having to commit himself too plainly)—Twenty dollars! Why, twenty isn't much. But if it's all ye've got, I guess I can—on wan condition, though.

Mr. Clover—Name it! Name it!

Dan Graball—That ye boord the first train out of town—and never breathe to any man a wo-rd of the favor I perfor-rmed for ye on this day.

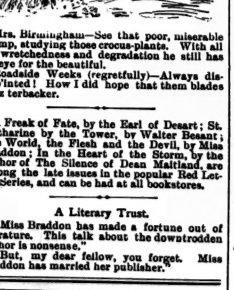
Mr. Clover (weeping tears of joy and gratitude—and counting out the twenty dollars)—I promise. Promise! And may God bless you for a kind-hearted man!—*Prison Mirror.*

Clever Brains Did It.

This is pre-eminently an age of invention. That statement is as trite as it is true. The evidences of it are on every hand. Ambition prompts invention. The desire for large and sudden gain stimulates it. Philanthropy will use the fluished invention for purposes of amelioration, but the thought of the man who sets out to put an idea into the concrete is not usually ethical. He does not necessarily say to himself "this will uplift humanity." What he chiefly thinks is, "this will supply a need. There is room for it. People want it, but they have not known how to get it."

The inventions of our times are remarkable for their utility. They subserve the general comfort. They lessen labor. They make it easier to govern. They help the state, the municipality and the homes. They enter into the daily life and occupations of the people. Sometimes the utility is so obvious that everybody exclaims: "Why hadn't we this years ago!" This remark might well be used with respect to a new invention to which public attention is now being directed. We refer to the Melissa process for rendering all kinds of tweeds and clothes thoroughly rain-proof without its application being apparent. The ordinary waterproof coat has never been satisfactory. It has been accepted because there was nothing better, and some kind of waterproof was a necessity. They are rain proof indeed; but, as we all know to our sorrow, they are air proof as well. They are non-porous. They fold you in a clammy embrace. There is no air in the ordinary waterproof. But there is no danger, there is unhealthiness, there is the confinement of the perspiration, which lingers in the undergarments. Sometimes it is the one disagreeable cause of serious ill health. The Melissa process is a discovery, not stumbled on fortuitously, but realized after long and patient experimentation. It can be applied to any kind of covering which is used as a protection against rain or snow. When the cloth is manufactured it is proofed with "Melissa," and is thus rendered rain-proof; but still it is a tweed or worsted cloth. It has not been discolored. No odor whatever has been imparted to it. The natural porosity of the cloth has not been in the slightest degree impaired, and this is one of its prime merits. From what we have seen of the effects of this Melissa process it can safely be predicted that its benefits will be greatly appreciated by the general public.—*Toronto Daily Mail.*

In the Connecticut Valley.



Mrs. Birmingham—See that poor, miserable tramp, studying those crocus-plants. With all his wretchedness and degradation he still has an eye for the beautiful.

Roadside Weeks (regretfully)—Always disapp'inted! How I did hope that them blades wux terbacker.

A Literary Trust.

"Miss Braddon has made a fortune out of literature. This talk about the downtrodden author is nonsense."

"But, my dear fellow, you forget. Miss Braddon has married her publisher."

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A Revelation.

Maid—You got home early, Mr. Binks. Shall I call Mrs. Binks!

Mr. Binks (who loves a joke)—Don't tell her I am here. Just say a gentleman wishes to see her in the parlor.

"I'm frald you'd get tired."

"Tired?"

"Yessir. She'd spend 'bout two hours makin' herself look pretty."

Excursions.

On October 2 and 3 you can get tickets to Chicago and return, via Wabash Railway, at less than second class fare for one way. Solid trains with sleeping cars attached. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets via Detroit and the Banner route. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Pass. Agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

One Remedy.

Mrs. Motherby (whose daughter has been bespoke by young Tairpone)—My dear, Matilda fairly doats upon him.

Mr. Motherby—Then we must find her an antidote. She can't have him.

The Stern Chase.

Young Aspirant (to editor)—I wish to pursue a literary career.

Editor—Well, young man, pursue it. If you ever catch up with it, drop in and let me know.

An American Girl in - London -

expressing her views upon Canada, said she never had a cold and was always jolly comfortable, because she wears the

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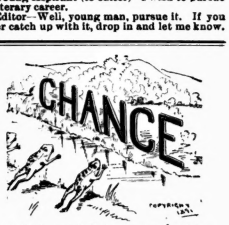
undervests, and would send across to W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S of Toronto this season to replenish her supply; and in her opinion every lady in Canada would do the same, as they are faultless in fit and embody every quality wanted.



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Two of a Kind.

I had come on from New York that morning, and was lucky in not having before read Kipling's Plain Tales from the Hills. I was rushing from one short story to the next, as I had fallen into the pounding meter of the express train, and, all the while, I was tortured by a sub-consciousness that presently I would come to the end, and be angry with myself for squandering all the stories in one morning. The extravagance was worse than foolish, for I was missing the best of it by not giving myself, after each story, that pause of smiling reminiscence in which the bouquet of the drained cup comes back with a suffusing sense of delight.

When we drew into the long, dark station at Philadelphia, I laid the book down "on the pit of its stomach;" more than half the pages were on the wrong side.

There was the usual shifting of passengers. Most of the old lot got off and new ones came on; but the slight woman who had sat in front of me since we left New York did not move. I had only noticed that the contour of her cheek was flat, and that her manner had the unexacting passivity of a woman who makes no claim to attractiveness.

I picked up Kipling at the Bisara of Poorie, and wished that we might get out into the light. The car door opened, and a large woman came in. She walked up the center of the car, passing several vacant half seats, and sat down, with a sharp jangling of her jet wrap, in the seat in front of me, beside the small woman, who yielded her room. Perhaps she chose this seat because she took up a broad space.

She had a well groomed fatness, which she carried off, in her tight-fitting clothes, with something of a swagger. She looked a little handsome in the dim light.

The engine jerked all the slack coupling pins taut, and we began that long, backing manœuvre that the Pennsylvania trains make in going south from Philadelphia. As we came out into the light, the large woman shone like a freshly gilded sign. Her hair was well blondined, only showing a shade darker at the roots than at the brassy ends. It was very perfectly arranged in layers of flat curls beneath her small bonnet of twisted black-and-scarlet velvet. The thick lobes of her ears were penetrated by fine diamond screws. Her embroidered handkerchief unfolded a scent of heliotrope. There was an air of prosperous vitality about the whole creature. After a little while, she turned and looked her neighbor over. I had gone back to my book, when I heard her say, good-naturedly:

"Be'n travelin' long?"

"No; only about two hours."

"New York?"

"Yes; I came from New York."

"New York's a fine place. I know it well. L'ved there over twenty years."

I lost the answer, and the large woman went on:

"Yes, indeed; I ought to know it pretty well, and I do. I like it; I like the people. I'm sociable by nature. Now there's lots of folks that would have rode by you all the way to Baltimore and never once opened their mouth. I ain't that kind. I'm willin' to talk, and I get as good as I take, and better, too." Then, lowering her voice to a whisper, that had three times the carrying power of the well oiled voice in which she had been speaking, she added, "You see it's in my line."

Too other started and turned toward her, so that, for the first time, I saw her full face. It was very thin and long, with that beauty of skin that still suggests disease. The eyes were beautiful, and looked out from the painful, sensitive ugliness of the other features as if in perpetual appeal from it.

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, I don't care if I do tell you. You see, I write stories and novels, and when I talk like I'm talking to you, I hear things that give me an idea. That's all I want, an idea; when I once get the start, I'm all right."

"That is very interesting. Have you always been an authoress!"

"For the last ten years. I have been at it pretty constant—and yet, you wouldn't think it, but if it hadn't been for a kind of an accident, I never would have dreamed I had it in me. Never had a notion that I had the gift, and that makes me say that you're a fool to ever say you can't till you've tried."

"An accident!"

"Yes; it was this way: That was long about '80, and I was saleslady at Macy's. You know Macy's, corner of Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue! But, of course, you do—just listen to me! I forgot you said you were from New York. Well, I was a great reader. I used to read everything. I had a chum at Macy's, an awful nice girl, and when business was sort of slack, I would tell her about the stories. I used to tell 'em like they really had happened—you see, we were at the perfumery counter. You know Macy's—the perfumery counter is right by one of the Fourteenth street doors. I'd say: 'Maud, see that lady in the seal-plush wrap? I know all about how she came to get married, and I'd start right in and tell the last story I'd read, like it was all gospel truth. Then the girls would get around, and they sorter half believed it was all so, but Maud, she knew better. One day we were sort of running each other a little, and Maud said: "I suppose you know all about 203's family—knew her mother intimately before she was married, didn't you?"

"203 was just going by, swinging her basket. She was the ugliest, worst little knot I ever saw. All cash-girls are aggravating, but 203 was the worst girl on our floor. I never could see why they didn't discharge her. She kept her apron so dirty that you'd hardly know it had ever been red, and she had a way of pulling the end of her great red plait of hair under her arm and across her chest, and there she would stand, holding her basket so slanting that, ten to one, everything would slip out, chewing on the end of her plait, like a calf at a colt's tail, and, for the life of you, you couldn't read her number on the front of her apron till you'd made her pull her hair from over it. My! she was a terror.

"So Maud was rather taken back when I answered up: 'Oh, yes; I know Mrs. Frank—oon well.'

"Now, you see, I hadn't read a story since I told the last one, and this one I had to make up as I went along. Well, I got sorter interested. As I was telling you, I've been at it pretty constant for the last ten years, but I always will believe that the story about two hundred and three's mother was the best story I ever made up. Well, I wrote that off afterwards, and sent it to the *Fireside Companion*, and they sent me a check for twenty dollars for it, and asked me to send them another in the same vein. That was the beginning of it. And I made two hundred dollars at writing in the next six months. I didn't tell 'em at home at first, because I knew mummer wouldn't like it. She was very particular with me, and wanted me to keep just straight. Well, you see, when I began making so much money, she found it out and got scared. Of course I had to tell her all about it then, but she didn't like it. She is old-fashioned and very particular with her girls. Now, my husband, he just laughs and likes me to do it. All the money I make he lets me spend on myself. It's a soft thing, too; there's good money in it for them that have the gift. Let's see: I made about five thousand dollars last year. No outlay, of course, and the gain is clear. You see, I have royalties on my books. Now, there's 'Pa-ployion's Kiss,' perhaps you've read it? The publishers did the square thing by me on that trip. They got it up in black and yellow, printed it on first-class paper, and that and the name made it go like hot cakes. Now, my 'Unwed Wife' was killed dead by its cover. I actually sunk money on it. Some people think it's all luck and that there is no trick about making a hit with a book, but I tell you there is no more luck about it than there is in selling your dry-goods. There's public taste, and you've got to satisfy it. You can see that yourself, can't you?"

"I think I understand you perfectly."

"Well, you have a sort of led me on. You've got a leading way of looking, you know. Perhaps you are a writer yourself and know how it is. Are you?"

"No-o."

"Pshaw, now! I believe you are. Come, now, tell me. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Haven't you written some stories?"

"Yes, a few; but I can hardly call myself a writer."

"Well—well! if that isn't funny! We are in the same trade, then. And it isn't a bad one neither, is it?"

"I have not had your success."

"That's too bad. I know a good many complain; but it's no trouble to me, and I never had a story sent back."

"And I have never written a story that was not sent back."

"Well, sirs!"

"Yes, I have several stories in my trunk now that have had the honor of being rejected by all the first-class magazines in the country."

"Never had a single one printed?"

"My history is not quite so tragic as that. We unfortunates, who do not satisfy public taste, rewrite and remodel our stories; sometimes we only copy the first page of the manuscript, if it is travel-worn, and then we buy more stamps and send it off to another magazine. If a story is not suitable for *Harper's* or the *Century*, it may just happen to hit the *Scribner's* taste. But you must be sure and remember where you began the rounds; the editors do not like to reject a manuscript twice." The words were spoken with a soft, bitter-sweet distinctness that brought them to me above the humming roar of the wheels. "It is as with a man, you see; his rejection by his first love does not necessarily end his matrimonial career."

"Well! That just shows the difference between people. You can just sit there as coolly, and sort of joke about failing, and not care how many times your stories are sent back, just so some one takes them, in the end. Now, my friend, you can't understand it. I'd be hopplin' mad at the first off and then ashamed. Yes, I'm just that sensitive, I never could stand things like that."

As she spoke, an exquisitely delicate flush played across the other face. It was as if the light from a rose-colored lantern had wavered there an instant. She only replied by lifting those eyes to her companion's face.

"How do those monthly magazines pay! I've always thought of writing some for them, but I never seem to get time. I always have work engaged ahead, and the papers I write for want all that I can do. Then the royalties bring in money without any outlay."

"I have received ten and twelve dollars a page—a page counting about a thousand words."

"Well! well! That's good pay! I think when I get ahead, maybe I'll write one or two for the monthlies. I'm busy, though, very busy." She undid the heavy silver clasp of the velvet bag at her side, and, plunging a fat, ringed hand in, drew out a bunch of note-paper and held a half-written page up:

"Sybil staggered back with a shriek of terror, as the man whom she had taken for her brother threw his arms about her neck——"

The sheet fluttered and I lost the rest.

"The *Fireside Friend* wants the rest of that to-morrow, but they'll have to wait. I always keep my word and get the stories done on time, but they get fidgety and want the end before you've even thought it out yourself. Why! The train's slowing up! I do believe we're coming in to Baltimore. Yes, if we ain't here! I've enjoyed our talk. When you get with a congenial person it makes the time pass, don't it? Well, I'll promise not to put you into a story if you won't put me into one. That's fair. Good-bye, I hope your luck'll improve."

The train was coming in now with a sliding motion, and, as the large woman got up, the car door opened and shut behind a Jewish-looking man, with a black mustache.

"Well, Bess, and how are you?" He put a broad, ringed hand on the shoulder of the successful authoress and kissed her. Together they walked toward the door of the still moving car.

When the car had stopped, and the people crowded off, the other began to gather her belongings together. With an absurd impulse, I leaned forward, looking into the sensitive, bitter face.

"Don't take it so to heart. Success must come in the end."

"You are wonderfully kind," she said, in the same even voice; "but success can never come to me. If, for the rest of my life, I received only praise and adulation, the memory of all these years of failure and disappointment would still stick in my throat. It is better as it is."

I picked up my book again as the lights of Baltimore began to struggle, and I said to myself: "It Kipling had been here that would be another story."—*The Argonaut.*

MELISSA

Is the name of the New Process by which Tweeds and other Cloths are rendered entirely Rainproof without the slightest trace of the application being perceptible.

It is scarcely overstating the fact to say that no discovery of the present time, affecting wearing apparel, has supplied such a universal and long felt want as the "Melissa" process which makes cloth perfectly rainproof without excluding the air. The old style of waterproof clothing has never been satisfactory; it is indeed an abomination, but has been tolerated simply because there was nothing better. True, it serves to shed the water, but it shuts out the air as well, and so generates a dampness which is not only uncomfortable in the extreme, but very unhealthy and dangerous positively. Who has not often experienced the discomfort of being almost hermetically sealed in the rubber overcoat, and enveloped in that intensely disagreeable odor which pervades all rubber clothing? All this danger and unpleasantness now is avoided by wearing outer garments which have been made rainproof by this new and really wonderful method. The trade mark, as above, stamped upon the garment you buy, is the only visible or tangible evidence that it has passed through the Melissa process, and this indorsement is a positive guarantee that the article is absolutely rainproof, yet the air circulates through the material as freely as before; not the slightest perceptible odor has been imparted to it, nor has the soft pliable texture of the goods been interfered with. Moreover, it is found that this treatment adds materially to the durability of the cloth and renders it perfectly mothproof.

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Don't order a Waterproof of any kind until you see them.

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Just Like a Woman.

Mr. Fusey—Good gracious, Maria! that hat of yours is as flat as a plate.

Mrs. Fusey—Never mind, John; I'll make up for it after the theaters open.

What He Wanted.

"Is there anything you want, Willie?" asked grandma.

"I suppose you have some jam on my bread."

"Who gave you bread?"

"No one yet. I thought perhaps you might."

Unusual Luck.

Totling—Did you enjoy the Wagner concert? Dimling—Very much. I am almost deaf, you know.

In Pastures Green.

Fresh Air Boy—Mister, do you have to buy chewing-gum for those cows?

Nor Nervous Debility

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. A. M. Bilby, Mitchell, Dak., says: "I have used it in a number of cases of nervous debility, with very good results."

How Dumas Worked.

Alexandre Dumas, the French novelist and dramatist, was the hero of many amusing adventures. Once, when at the height of his popularity, he was importuned to become a commercial traveler because he was such a jolly good fellow. The anecdote is as follows:

Some years ago a merchant of Lyons was returning from Paris to his native city. In the same compartment with him sat a tall fellow, lively, talkative, and full of spirits, but, upon the whole, the best and most amusing traveling companion one could wish.

On alighting at Lyons, the merchant, charmed by the taking manner and gaiety of his neighbor, exclaimed:

"My dear sir! I am glad to have made your acquaintance. You are a good fellow! You are a charming fellow! Can't you talk, though! Come, let us make a bargain together, will you?"

"What kind of a bargain?"

"Come and dine with me. At dessert we will speak about it. I have an idea. Will you come?"

"Very well; but I will pay my share. I insist upon it."

"As you please. What an amazing fellow you are! Ah, but I like you!"

Accordingly they took dinner together, during which the merchant offered the tall fellow a position as commercial traveler for the house. That was his idea.

"You have just the qualities required. You will make your way," said the merchant.

"But, my dear sir——"

"Come, now, how do you live?"

"Oh, on very little."

"Well, but how much do you make in your branch?"

"From eighty to a hundred thousand francs."

"Goodness sakes alive! But what do you do?" asked the other, disappointedly.

"Oh, I scribble on sheets of paper with a pen."

Never Judge by Appearances.

The Summer Boarder—Little boy, I can't swim. Is the water very deep?

The Boy—Haw; only up ter me neck.

"Hi! this makes me feel young again."

"Help! Help!"

"Little boy, why didn't you tell me you were built like a Giraffe!"

An Unselfish Steed.

A doctor and a clergyman were exercising their horses one morning in a country lane, when an argument arose between them as to which of the animals possessed the sweeter disposition.

"I'll wager that if their respective tempers could be tried," said the doctor, "mine would be far away the better."

"That's all nonsense," retorted the clergyman. "My mare has the best temper of any horse in the neighborhood."

"Well, here's a stiff hedge; let us try their leaping capabilities," suggested the doctor.

"Right you are," agreed his friend.

The doctor's hunter quietly refused the jump, although put at it again and again. The clergyman's little mare also refused, but at the same time put back her ears and exhibited considerable ill-temper. When repeatedly urged to jump she finally accomplished a clever back-jumping feat, which threw her master over the hedge. Strange to relate, the reverend gentleman was quite unhurt, and, scrambling to his feet, commenced to scrape the mud from his broadcloth, whilst the doctor laughingly remarked:

"Perhaps you are convinced now that my animal has a better disposition than yours?"

"Not at all," replied the clergyman. "My mare is such an unselfish little brute that although unable to take the fence herself, she had no desire to keep me from going over. In fact, she facilitated the mode of my transit, whilst your horse displayed a dog-in-the-manger temperament by not going himself and not allowing you to go either."

For Thirty Years.

"Johnstown, N. B., March 11, 1889.—I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used St. Jacobs Oil and it completely cured. I give it all praise. Mrs. Wm. Ryder."

His Presence of Mind.

Loving Wife—You have no idea how well Mrs. Spenditall looks in her new bonnet, dear.

Thoughtful Husband—She does not look half as well in it as you do in your old hat.

By this simple but neat remark the thoughtful husband was enabled to go to the races and lose thirty dollars with the comfortable belief that he had quit even.—*Life.*

Their Common Ground.

The Pessimist cries: "Come, be gay!
Things can't be worse—away with sorrow."
The Optimist: "Rejoice to-day,
Because of what will be to-morrow!"

Thorough.

Farmer—Well, Pat, I am going away to-day, and you had better trim those trees over yonder.

Pat—All right, sor.

Farmer (on his return)—Did you get the trees all trimmed, Pat?

Pat—Oi did not. Oi got them all cut down, and will thrim them out in the mornin'.

BURGLAR PROOF

Unscrupulous people may steal "Sunlight" Soap's directions and advertisements, they may attempt to gain business for their own poor stuff by imitating "Sunlight," but they can't burglarize this Soap of its world-wide name and fame, of its unequalled quality, nor of its process of manufacture. This is what makes "Sunlight" Soap burglar proof, quality and purity have given it the largest sale in the world.

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merits. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Fatima---the Pearl of the Orient.

The use of this brilliantly beautiful picture has been purchased by the managing director of the Sheppard Publishing Company, who has just returned from Germany. It will be reproduced in Berlin as an oleograph of very large size, and presented as a supplement with our Christmas Number for 1891. Nothing in any country, so say the best judges in Berlin and London, as beautiful or expensive has ever been given with a number of a newspaper. It is to be printed in oils in twenty-one colors, on heavy paper, embossed and varnished ready for framing, and cannot be distinguished from an oil painting. It will be on exhibition in the SATURDAY NIGHT window shortly.

The Innate Qualities of Girls.

WELL MEANING old minister has been preaching recently of the innate depravity of girls. To be sure the gentleman's creed teaches the innate depravity of everybody, man or woman. But turning the question over one is inclined to wonder if there isn't a possibility of there being such a thing as the innate saintly in people, instead of innate depravity; and whether the apparent depravity of the female half of the young generation is but a veneer, and the saintly which we men look for and expect and which poets and novelists seem to have seen or imagined in bygone generations, is still an innate quality of girls. In looking at the young girls of to-day without plain every-day eyes, one falls into Felix Holt's views when he said:

"I can't bear to see you going the way of the foolish women who spoil men's lives. Men can't help loving them, and so they make themselves slaves to the petty desires of petty creatures. That's the way those who might do better spend their lives for nought—get checked in every great effort—toil with brain and limb for things that have no more to do with a manly life than tarts or confectionery. That's what makes women a curse."

Men expect saintliness in girls and feeling quite sure it should be in them, assume that it is, and here is their excuse for loving them. Sad, isn't it, to see the poor fellows grasping for something that isn't revering women as something purer and better than themselves; longing for the sympathy which shall help them on through the fight to perhaps grand deeds, and thinking that it is because of unworthiness in themselves that it is withheld. Chivalry exists to-day as always. The young knights of to-day feel that they are fighting for their ladies and the reward that they look for is higher and more spiritual but except in isolated cases they don't seem to get it.

When I feel as cynical as I do to day, that is when The Girl I Know has flouted me anew, I can only see one innate quality in girls and that is vanity. And for the moment a most delightful quality it is. It is the innate quality which is responsible for the fact that "men can't help loving them." I have no doubt the aboriginal girls had just the same delightful habits that the girls of to-day have. No doubt the young girls of the earth's minority who wore as do the girls of to-day their own sun-kissed cuticle, walked arm in arm and cast furtive looks at the young Apollos, and laughed and turned away when they caught his glance, and their blushes were like the dark richness of wine. And if they went to boarding-schools in those days the girls wrote foolish notes in aboriginal character and left them beneath loose stones outside the caves where the boarding-schools were kept. And perhaps they smuggled in a package of cigarettes made of papyrus and "twist," and smoked them and thought they were doing something wicked. And I have no doubt there were among them young ladies whose vanity chiefly consisted in their being "awfully proper," and when an honest young Apollo looked with loving eyes on one of them she would frown him down and snub the poor fellow because he was not ashamed of his love and saw no need for circumspection. And I have no doubt some of the more sensible of the young ladies stayed at home and perhaps enhanced Nature with gold-rimmed eyeglasses and tried to find out whether the world really did rest on an elephant which stood upon a tortoise which stood upon nothing, in order to tell the young Apollos about it. These young ladies managed to allay their exuberant feminity with the germs of mathematics (if a studious girl doesn't study mathematics she may at any time fly off the handle and become a social reformer or something else unpleasant) and viewed young men from all points, the bad points especially. It has recently been suggested that accomplished young ladies be shipped to the back woods or to such aboriginal climes, but as a rule I think the young man with whom bread and butter comes before culture does not strain at a B. A. in his wedding notice. But girls are freakish, 'even about culture. A 'Varsity man tells me they don't know how to equalize their studies. They seek after vain display in one or two branches.

Vanity, then, is the innate quality of girls the young man can surely speak of. He loves a saintly quality, which for him is generally not there. And depravity to most of us, far from being an innate quality common to all, is considered as a rare disease. All is vanity, and meditating thusly of girls, one can write himself into quite a good humor.

TOUCHSTONE.

Music.

The season of harvest festivals is at hand and we may now look for considerable effort among the choirs of the city in order to make public a fitting recognition of God's goodness shown in the bountiful crops of the present season. The music of praise is always jubilant and inspiring, but especially so is that of praise for a bountiful harvest, in which the words in reference to nature and its beauties and bounties are so poetical. An endless catalogue of hymns, anthems and cantatas has been written on this subject and each year brings us some new and valuable musical thoughts. Many of our city choirs are now at work on such compositions as these, and most of them will, I fancy, not wait for Thanksgiving Day, but will hold their services of praise and song at an early date.

It has always seemed to me that the late dates set for Thanksgiving Day showed a certain element of the cautious disposition of those who wanted to be quite sure that the Lord had been really good in this matter, and who waited long enough to find that there was no mistake. Of course, we all know that the main reason for the November Thanksgiving Day is to give the husbandman, the one who is first of all the direct beneficiary, an opportunity to enjoy himself, which can only be done when all his out-door work is nearly at an end; but still the other thought will obtrude itself. The earliest harvest service held that I have heard of is that to be at St. Simon's Church on Tuesday evening next, when there will be full choral evensong, including Tours' Evening Service in F, Dr. Garrett's Harvest Cantata, Stainer's harvest anthem, Ye Shall Dwell in the Land, and the usual hymns. I hear that Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the organist and choirmaster of the church, has brought his boy choir to an excellent state of efficiency, and this, really the first musical event of the season, ought to attract a large congregation.

We are at last approaching the opening of our local musical season, the first sign that is apparent upon the horizon being the pianoforte recital to be given by Mr. Frederic Boscovitz at the College of Music on Thursday evening, October 8. Mr. Boscovitz has prepared a most interesting programme, the details of which are: Prelude Kirnberger-Liszt; Presto, from the Italian Concerto, Bach, The Harmonious Blacksmith, Handel; four Chopin numbers, Impromptu, op. 29, Barcarolle, op. 60, Mazurka, op. 7, and a Nocturne and Valse; two historical pieces edited and transcribed by Frederic Boscovitz—Musette, composed about 1690, by Montclair, and The King's Hunting Jig, composed about 1585, by Dr. John Bull; Clair de Lune, Thome; Serenade Bosque, Bizet; Etude de Concert, Saint-Saens; closing with three compositions of Mr. Boscovitz'—Canzonetta, op. 118, Chant du Martin, and Mennette, op. 104. Vocal selections will be interspersed.

Our societies have this week entered upon another year of active efforts, and all seem to be imbued with energy and sanguine expectations as to success. The Philharmonic society will sang Gounod's Redemption at its first concert. This work is one of undoubtedly religious tendency and in it the great composer has revelled in broad and effective music for soloist, chorus and orchestra, especially the latter. Its revival after the performances in 1885 and 1884 will be a pleasure to many music lovers in the city. At the first concert of the Philharmonic Society Dr. Bridge's dramatic cantata, Callirrhoe, a Legend of Calydon, will be presented. This work received high commendations at its first performance at the last Birmingham Festival.

The Toronto Vocal Society held its first rehearsal of the season on Monday evening, at the Y. M. C. A. lecture hall. Some seventy members were present and a number of new members were enrolled after the rehearsal. The executive committee has made a very fine selection of music, and has been fortunate in securing its old practice room, which has been papered and made very pretty and comfortable. The Haslam Vocal Society on the same evening commenced its rehearsals with an excellent selection of part songs. I see that this organization has secured the assistance of the Musin Concert Company, headed by the great violinist himself.

The School of Elocution at the Toronto Conservatory of Music has opened with very gratifying prospects. Mr. S. H. Clark, the director of this department, has secured the assistance of Miss Laura McGillivray, a talented young lady of Chicago, to undertake the teaching of Delsartism. This will be found a great attraction, as I venture to predict that the study of Delsarte and his methods will become a fashionable cult, much as the study of Browning became one in Boston. There are already several teachers of Delsarte methods in the city, and I believe they are all finding pupils and disciples.

For many years a story obtained credence to the effect that the Hallelujah chorus was first written at the end of Handel's Messiah instead of the position it now occupies in the editions of this oratorio. It was said to have been afterwards removed to its present position because Handel found the work to drag before the public. The falsity of this legend has been established by the recent find made by Professor Dowden, LL.D., in an old book shop in Dublin. He then found a copy of the original book of words of the Messiah, printed for the first performance in Dublin in 1742. It was also shown by this book that the contralto part was sung by Susannah Maria Cibber. This lady was a sister of Dr. Thomas Augustin Arne, a well known composer of those days, and was also the daughter-in-law of the celebrated dramatist and poet laureate, Colley Cibber.

The committee of the Festival Association was to meet on Thursday of this week to consider the question of giving a grand musical festival in 1892. This meeting was, of course, too late to afford any information which I could publish in this week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. I hear that the constitution of this committee is the same as that of some three years ago, embracing representatives of the different choral organizations of the city. In this point I am sure that a mistake has been made. This very generality of representation caused the shipwreck of a festival three years ago and will do it again. Most of our vocal societies are too loyal to the class of music they perform and to their conductors to cordially embrace a scheme which would cause their being merged into a large chorus in which the separate societies would lose their identity. The conductors would look for separate recognition, and there would be at once several separate and distinct loyalties to individual conductors which would tend to minimize the efficiency of the chorus. There can be only one proper way to organize a festival chorus and that is to select *one* conductor, and to attract the singers to *his* banner. If *he* and the committee are strong enough to carry the work, as I feel some could be arranged, the thing will go. If not—it would never amount to anything, no matter how much individual interests were catered to. Mr. Torrington made a success of the choice work in the festival of 1886, and he is to-day the only man before the public who possesses the qualities of energy, magnetism and patience necessary to hammer the music of two oratorios or cantatas into a large chorus. He should be selected for this work, and the committee should join its faith in him and sail in. No half measures will do, and no other man in Toronto or no other combination of men can lead the choral forces to success in a festival.

A few days ago Mr. John Bayley, the popular bandmaster of the Queen's Own Rifles, was made the recipient of a handsome ebony cane, with a still more handsome gold head, at the hands of his band. A suitable inscription adorns the weapon.

Heintzman's Band, which has progressed steadily under the leadership of Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, our popular cornet soloist, has been engaged to play at the Quebec Provincial Exhibition, now being held at Montreal, and went down last week to enter upon its duties.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

I had been told that the drama, Roger La Honte, the attraction at the Academy this week, was a "lurid" production. This impression was created by the indifferent version played there by G. M. Thomas a season or two ago, and the mongrel paper which the company has hung on the fences and in the store windows. On Monday night I was agreeably surprised to find that Roger La Honte, faithfully translated, is not to be placed in the same category with the dramas usually described as "lurid." The action is tense but quiet, the main motive of the plot is deadly conventional, but the situations are new, and the working out of the plot is too intricate to be intelligently placed on paper. Suffice it to say then that Roger La Honte, a brave-hearted Frenchman, is falsely accused of murder and sentenced to imprisonment for life, and the plot deals with his escape from prison and his proving his innocence. Some of the situations are worked up in a manner wonderfully fine, and the old time sequence of the play is decidedly tame after them. Some of the character drawing is also excellent. The old time villain of the melodrama is of course here, but he goes at his business in a quiet, determined way that suggests Iago. There is the usual persecuted hero, too, but he is not the usual childish fool. His character is well conceived, but the playwright's use of him reminds me of the well sustained old Dutch woman who scrubbed her kitchen floor until she fell through into the cellar—too much of a good thing. He monopolizes every good situation, and other good characters seem suppressed to throw him into prominence. The female characters are also fine, although the heroine does not have the usual melodramatic opportunity of saying in a dolefully melodious tone, "You wi-ill not turn me children into the co-old!" Another remarkably fine but suppressed character is that of the advocate, Lucien de Noirville, and there is a child's part which requires more difficult work than the usual plantudinary juvenile parts. The language of the play is good, except the speech which the villain makes the first time he opens his mouth, about getting revenged, etc. Another bad defect is that, though the situations are as I have said, very fine, the plot is clumsily worked out and unnecessary incidents are dragged in and made much of. It doesn't dovetail, as my friend the architect says.

The company performing Roger La Honte includes three clever men, two clever women and one clever little girl. The part of Roger La Roque has had some fine names associated with it—Beerbohm Tree in London and William Terlss, now Irving's leading man, in New York. The part is taken here by Mr. Arthur Forrest ;remembered in Toronto for his Captain Swift and the peculiarly feminine row that Rose Eylinge kicked up with him when he discharged her from his support when that play was performed here. He now plays hero instead of villain and the only change in his make-up he finds necessary is the brushing of his hair away from his forehead instead of wearing it in a graceful, drooping bang as he did last season. His acting, as a whole, was refined and unexaggerated. He did very little ranting and no scene chawing, and with his splendid physique looked his part. His mournful expression was so monotonous as to be distressing, and one would like to have seen him look really alert or furious sometimes. Far and away more difficult acting was done by Mr. Brunaeus as Lucien de Noirville. He was splendidly made up and with his keen glance and effective voice gave an impersonation of the shrewd and upright advocate that was without defect. His speech in the court room, when Lucien, heartbroken though he is by the discovery of what he believes to be Roger's perfidy, is still faithful to his undertaking to defend him though the defence involves his own disgrace, was a masterpiece. The approbation of the house in calling him before the curtain was well deserved. Mr. Arthur Hayden as Luversan, the villain, was also fine. He was self-restrained and did not grind his teeth, but managed to make the most of his unduly limited opportunities. Miss Jennie R. Burby, as Julie de Noirville, was beautiful and in her acting striking. The same repose which I have spoken of in the other members of the company characterized her acting, and her sweet voice was a great aid to her in her part of the dialogue. Miss Kate Vandenhoff as Madame LaRoque and afterwards as Suzanne LaRoque, had somewhat more emotional work, which she managed well. Her acting as Suzanne was not so fine as the older part, chiefly lacking the sprightliness of youth. In the first act her terror at the apparent villainy of her husband was a fine effort. Little Ida Terry as Suzanne, a child of seven years, was excellent; her acting of the part, though perhaps two or three years older than it, was a refreshing change from the sugared sweetness of the Fauntleroy acting we are accustomed to in children. Old collegiate boys should go and see Fred Conger, their old crack sprinter. He did some excellent comedy work as Tristot, the butler, and in the prison scene was a very effective convict. Messrs. Shea, Salvator and Hoaglin were all fair in their parts.

Above the average of melodramas of its class formerly, after the summer tinkering of the clever journalist and authoress, Fannie Amyar Matthews, LaBelle Marie is in very acceptable shape. The play has been played here before, at Jacobs & Sparrow's, and the plot is well known, simply a betrayed girl's means of getting even with the false one by becoming a woman of the world and by certain devilish lures ruining him. Miss Herndon in the leading *role*, when she talks plain English, shows a tendency to shout and roar that takes with the gallery and suggests Kate Pursell, the Queen of the Plains. Her assumption of the French dialect and character of *demi mondaine*, however, was excellent. Her Medea-like profile is not exactly an aid to her in the latter *role*. The acting of Mr. L. P. Hicks as John Ingleside, and afterwards as Mr. Leighton, the banker, was dignified and refined and above the average of melodrama companies. Mr. Frank Kilday as George Leighton was a handsome and effective villain, and a very humorous personality has Mr. Geo. Neville, who played Waupinzee, the drummer. He has an ease and *bon homie* that must win him fame in comedy *roles*. Master Jas. Simpson was a very funny newsboy, a sketch from the life. Miss Carolyn Elberts made a pretty Grace Leighton. The other members of the company were fair in their several parts.

In the language of the gallery, Alvin Joslin is the rustiest show on the stage. It goes round the country trying to lick up the crumbs that fall from Denman Thompson's table, and is a show to which even Howells' "inferior intelligences" give the go-by. On the strength of one strong character delineation Charles Davis amassed a pint or so of diamonds with it, but he knew when to drop it. If confidence men were such jackasses in real life as they are in this play, they would take more blood than money; a mode of doing business that is a good deal like shearing pigs instead of sheep—plenty of noise but very little wool. 'These old farmers carry lots of money (!!!) let's kill this one and get his," says Bob the confidence man on seeing the seedy-looking Alvin. 'Tis a wonder somebody doesn't put a play on the stage in which the villains attempt to murder a journalist on spec. in like manner!

Apropos of Modjeska's engagement for this afternoon at the Grand in Camille, the old favorite La Dame Aux Camelias, printed in another column, will be interesting. By the way, here is a story of Modjeska I this week chanced on in an old newspaper:

"Altogether a curious woman is Modjeska. You know all about her as an actress, no doubt, and probably admire her. In social intercourse she is remarkable for culture and intellect; and she also possesses that self-complacent estimate of her own abilities without which, I suppose, no actress could attain much success. I met her, a few days ago, in the studio of Frank Fowler, an artist, who had invited a company to see a portrait which he had painted of her. If a lady in private life had thus put her real face under inspection alongside of a picture of it, she would be open to the charge of immodesty; but Modjeska is accustomed to publicity.

"'The work isn't a likeness at all,' remarked somebody, gazing at the original and then at the painting.

"'Zat ees true, see! zare ees noting similar. Look at us both. We are not efen sesters.'

"'But look at us now.'

"She took a place close by the picture, struck the attitude in which it represented her, and, behold, the faces were one in likeness. She had readily put her features into exactly the combination shown on the canvas. Subsequently, I saw her give an odd exhibition of an album full of her photographs. There were over twenty radically different views of her face, ranging from grave to gay. She made herself like each of them at will."

I will write of Modjeska fully next week. The performance to-night of Much Ado About Nothing should tempt many pockets.

TOUCHSTONE.

NOTES.

The attractions at the theaters next week will be: Grand, Little Tycoon; Academy, first half, Apple Orchard Farm, a melodrama, last half, O'Dowd's Neighbors, variety-farce; Toronto, The Ivy Leaf.

La Dame aux Camelias.

"La Dame aux Camelias,"
I think that was the play;
The house was packed from pit to dome
With the gallant and the gay,
Who had come to see the tragedy
And while the hours away.

There was the ruined Spendthrift,
And Beauty in her prime;
There was the grave Historian,
And there the man of Rhyme,
And the surly Critic, front to front,
To see the play of crime.

And there was pompous Ignorance
And Vice in flowers and lace;
Sir Cœnus and Sir Pandarus,
And the music played space.
But of all that crowd I only saw
A single, single face!

That of a girl whom I had known
In the summers long ago,
When her breath was like the new mown hay,
Or the sweetest flowers that grow;
When her heart was light and her soul was white
As the winter's driven snow.

And there she sat with her great brown eyes;
They wore a troubled look,
And I read the history of her life
As it were an open book;
And saw her soul, like a shiny thing
In the bottom of a brook.

There she sat in her rustling silk,
With diamonds on her wrist,
And on her brow a gleaming thread
Of pearl and amethyst.
"A cheat, a gilded grief!" I said,
And my eyes were filled with mist.

I could not see the players play,
I heard the music moan;
It moaned like a dismal autumn wind,
That dies in the woods alone;
And when it stopped I heard it still,—
The mournful monotone!

What if the Count were true or false?
I did not care, not I;
What if Camille for Armand died?
I did not see her die.

There sat a woman opposite
With piteous lip and eye!

The great green curtain fell on all,
On laugh and wine and woe,
Just as death some day will fall
'Twixt us and life, I know!
The play was done, the play,
And the people turned to go.

And did they see the tragedy?
They saw the painted scene;
They saw Armand, the jealous fool,
And the sick Parisian queen—
But they did not see the tragedy,
The one I saw, I mean.

They did not see that cold-cut face,
That furtive look of care;
Or, seeing her jewels, only said,
"The lady's rich and fair."
But I tell you 'twas the Play of Life,
And that woman played Despair!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Under the Cedars.

For Saturday Night.

Under the cedars, where the cool fringed leaves
Filter the flickering sunlight on my isle,
Round which the brooklet's arms are clasped, the while
It splashes carpets of green moss, and weaves
Around and beads the ferny shore, yet grieves
And chafes the grazied old roots and rocks which pile
And half obstruct its way; seems to revile
The narrow bed through which its way it cleaves.

It hears the river's voice, its syren call,
Its spirit yearns to leave its calm retreat,
While I who flee the great world's rush and roar,
Am lulled and soothed to hear its lilting fall,
To breathe the woody scents, so strangely sweet,
Content if ended from it evermore.

EMMA PLATTER SEABURY.

A Year in Heaven.

For Saturday Night.

A year to-night since I saw her face,
A year in heaven where there is no time,
For eternity dwells in the beautiful place,
But time on earth is a longer thing.

Time fleets not on the golden streets,
Time cannot change the crystal sea.
How do the angels count the days
That seem so long to you and me?

Down to the sea one summer morn,
O'er the blue hills across the bay,
In the dreaming light, the angels went,
Where the hills kissed heaven, to show the way.

A year to-night, it can't be true,
Her face shines out with the old sweet smile.
Some day, perhaps, I'll show it to you
In heaven, where there is no changing time.

MARJORY MACMURCHY.

Amid the Purple Heather.

For Saturday Night.

Thy life shall e'er be bright and gay
As on this fair September day.
Oh, darling, you will not say nay!
Amid the purple heather.

When summer's past, in winter's snow,
Our love shall still as warmly flow
As on this day, when sunshine's glow
Lights up love's perfect weather.

When age shall place us in life's glade,
We'll ne'er regret in sun or shade
The kiss we gave, the vow we made
Amid the purple heather.

So my true heart thine arms enfold,
Sweetheart, dear heart, with closer hold;
Thus—thus we'll smile at growing old
And journey on together.

NORA LAUGHER.

The True.

Thus spake the god: "Take thou this lute of love.
So sweetly tuned is it that when thy true ideal
Thou mestest—and she speaks—the strings will move
In sympathy. The lute her presence will reveal,
And to no other soul, however fond,
Will these sweet tuneful notes of love respond."

I took the lute, and went forth on my quest.
Through all the long and weary day the notes beguiled
The journey. When the sun sank to the west
The strains were gentle as the singing of a child;
And through the night, while burning the heavenly fires,
Thought rose above the sordid earth's desires.

But now the precious lute neglected lies
Outside the palace gate. Oft-times the wind blows free
And stirs the tuneful strings of plaintive sighs
And yet I heed it not—the notes are harsh to me.
The True is won! So sweet her voice is wrought
That all else seems discordant to my thought.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINER.

Between You and Me.

THE fashion year begins just now. All summer people have been on their travels and at the summer resorts, with their comfortable *neglige*, but as the September moon wanes to its close our stray friends come back to us, and our mail bag grows daily less weighty, for instead of the hurried lines of an unsatisfactory letter we have the satisfying sight of the well known faces, bronzed a little and roughened may be by hot sun and salt spray, but smiling and full of importance and contentment at the dangers and the delights of the past three months. Every year, as traveling rises to a pastime instead of falling to a laborious pilgrimage, do the crowds of tourists increase. The rising generation cannot wait for twenty years from their majority to cross the herring pond as their busy forebears were compelled to do. No, miss and master take the grand tour as soon as or sooner than they have finished their school days.

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I hardly know which to commiserate the more, those folks who are tied at home by duty or necessity or those contented souls who never wish for further knowledge of the globe we inhabit than is afforded by their own immediate neighborhood. How full of yearning is the quiet face of the tired and thoughtful school teacher, as she turns over the pages of an old guide book or fingers her bits of Dresden ware, or Tyrolese carving or quaint Flanders lace, sole tangible remains of the halcyon days of her one continental scamper; or how rattle the tongues of the two married couples who strayed about the highways and byways of the old world, as they recall beauty spots of vale and mountain, lake and cascade, and rub bright their dimmed impressions of art or music, and wade knee deep into the morass of German verbs or slip and fall on the incline plane of French idioms. I think I do not pity them so much as the stay-at-homes anyway, for though they may have the appetite aroused and yet unsatisfied, they have sweet memory to feed upon. And their souls are bigger and their hearts more open and their minds more bright for their experience, and to quote the poet, with a variation, they know that

"'Tis better to have traveled and come home,
Than never to have traveled at all."

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About how much do we owe to ourselves and how much to our neighbors in the matter of adaptability? Do we do ourselves justice if we subdue our own individual tastes and prejudices and modes of speech to fit our company, and is it best to vary our associations and associates and take them in all grades, or is it more advisable to stick to our own set, which habit or some other accident has made congenial? An intimate friend calls me a horrid democrat because I prefer sometimes to run ideas with those whom she considers of another make to herself, the while she knows we two stand on a level in our thoughts and in most things; but in this one she is adamant, and considers herself my superior. Now, while no one basks in the sunshine of culture and intellectual excellence with more delightful appreciation than Lady Gay, still she can turn from the nectar of the gods and eat pie, if for some reason pie is on the table and nectar is an extra, or otherwise a little out of her reach. Really, though one may feel a bit guilty when one is called a horrid democrat by an aristocratic rebuker, I think it is good to admit all sorts and conditions of folk in their turn to one's hearty comradeship. *Nouveaux riches* may not be edifying, but their crude attempts make one reverence and recognize the creature whose refinement and unostentatious lady or gentlemanhood show them to be truly "to the manor born."

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Poor proud folk, while they make one a little impatient sometimes, call forth tender handling and gentle speech and all consideration for their uncomfortable weakness. Commonplace contented souls, though one chafes secretly against their dead level, are a bulwark of restful happy mediocrity, against which the surging sea of discontent and rebellion breaks harmless and unfelt. Common, workaday, anxious-eyed strivers for a bare sustenance fill one with sympathy and a desire to help and encourage them, which acts like a fresh breeze or a tonic to a *blase* or self-weary heart. All men have a part in developing the nature and sympathy and strength of their fellows, and I do think it is a wise thing to go from grave to gay, from lively to severe, touching to them in turn the heart, the imagination and the mind, and giving and receiving the help and the gratitude that came long ago on the touch of the king to the disease of the beggar.

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Such a pretty sight, in the golden September afternoon, was to be seen in the Queen's Park this week when the society people of Toronto made display of their handsome turnouts and circled round the leafy acreage to the music of the military band. I have always wanted to see such a show in our city, because, whatever may be lacking in other respects, we are good in our horseflesh. At a swell wedding in one of the moneyed families, if the street Arabs do not get one of the best parts of the show it is because they do not appreciate the beauty and the breeding of the lordly beasts that champ and paw outside the curbstone. But now that the upper ten have started a Rotten Row in the Queen's Park we may look upon the goodly equipages, or ride in them, as the case may be, without either disputing right of way with half-a-dozen *gamin*, or being brides or bridesmaids.

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My heart was stirred to something like a gentle rage, this pretty day, as I talked with a young business woman of our city, who has had enough trouble to kill half-a-dozen women and yet is as chipper and full of quiet fun as she can be, while every separate curl of her pretty hair blows in little light-hearted looking rings over a fine brow and mischievously clever eyes. She has a house-mate, a rich and awful widow, who says the most heartlessly unkind things to her, criticizing her severely plain dress, commenting on her methods, and only refrained from complaining of her conduct by the high-bred immaculateness thereof. I wanted to strangle that wretched widow, as I heard one small wickedness of speech after another recounted with a distressed *moue* and a little shrug by my friend. Isn't it strange how mean some women can be, when their heads are empty and their hearts ossified? And isn't it the worst case of "corbies picking out corbies'-een," when one widow, rich and carefree, so nags another widow, poor in gold, but able to buy up a regiment of such females as her tormentor in coin of brain and amiability!

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

Miss Leonore Snyder, the promising young prima donna, sang in the Presbyterian church in Indianapolis attended by President Harrison when she was only fourteen years old.

Sir Edwin Arnold and Austin Dobson are among the prominent English literary men who are coming to this country this fall and winter to give lectures and readings.

The Princess of Monaco is devoted to literature and music, and numbers Blanche Roosevelt among her congenial friends. She always has a coterie of blue-stockings about her.

The home of Christian Reid, the novelist, is in an old-fashioned house at Salisbury, North Carolina. The house dates back to *ante bellum* days, and is surrounded by a grove of oaks and cedars.

Miss Bertie Burr of Lincoln, Neb., recently raved the lives of two young women friends with whom she had gone bathing in the river. Miss Burr learned to to swim last year at Lassell Seminary.

A train on which Jay Gould was recently riding over the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad made a run of eigh and one-half miles in five minutes, an average of one hundred and two miles an hour.

Mrs. Hunt was the origuator of the idea of ladies' orchestras, and the scheme has achieved a distinct success, and one which it thoroughly deserves, as well from the musical point of view as from that of the object with which it was started.

Among artistes who have pet animals about them constantly may be named Sara Bernhardt, whose devotion to dogs is well known; Madame Patti, whose dogs and canaries always accompany her on her travels; and Madame Schirmer-Mapleson, whose penchant is for talking parrots. She has a number of remarkable specimens in her collection.

Volapuk is said to have a devoted admirer in a daughter of General Neal Dow. So enthusiastic is her fondness for the universal language that she is endeavoring to propagate it by translating popular English books into this composite idiom.

Miss Cornelia James, professor of English at the Commercial Academy at Fiume, has the double honor of being the only woman in the Austrian empire to hold a professorship in the public schools for boys, and the only woman presented to the Austrian emperor at the levee in Fiume.

John Ruskin has made a record as a hydraulic engineer by solving for the inhabitants of Filking, a small town in Sussex, England, the problem of obtaining an adequate supply of drinking water. As an evidence of their gratitude the people have erected a tablet "to the glory of God and in honor of John Ruskin."

The low wages paid women employed in the canneries in California is receiving the attention of labor and reform associations, and measures toward organizing the employees are being taken. The average wages paid to women is from one dollar and sixteen cents to one dollar and ninety cents per week, and for an overseer ten dollars per month.

A co-operative home for single women is to be started in Vienna. Each will have a share in the housekeeping on certain days. One hundred persons are wanted at the start, and an income of from five to seven dollars a month from each one is expected to pay expenses and accumulate a fund which will pay for the home.

David Christie Murray, the English journalist and novelist, who has recently made his *debut* on the London stage, is about forty-four years old and six feet tall. He ran away from Oxford to enlist in a cavalry regiment, where he distinguished himself as a rider, fencer and boxer. When he tired of soldering he became a newspaper correspondent, and was at the front during the Russo-Turkish war.

Olive Schreiner, the South African novelist, is described as of fine figure, with dark hair and eyes. She is a brilliant talker, and feels a vivid interest in public affairs. She often attends the debates of the Cape Town Parliament, and is frequently seen at the Government House. She makes Cape Town her home when she is not at Matcheafontain, on the African Farm. Miss Schreiner is said to contemplate visiting Europe shortly.

Since retiring to Hindhead to finish the work of his life, Professor Tyndall has been subjected to annoyances from disobliging neighbors which might try even a philosopher. First, to preserve needed seclusion, he was forced to buy a large piece of land which a speculative builder advertised in building lots as "overlooking the grounds of Professor Tyndall." He left the property open, however, and picnic parties and wild-fruit gatherers have made free with the health. More recently an adjoining tenant started to build a stable close to the professor's favorite walk and in full view of his study window, and persisted in doing so, although he was offered a different site free of cost and $500 in money to change his purpose. To protect himself against the offence to his vision, if not to his nostrils, the philosopher had to erect a screen of larch poles and heather, and now carping critics speak of his act as ungenerous and churlish.

"Nell."

AN ETCHING.

IN THE top flat of a great building in one of the crowded cities of the east, on a chair that told a tale of dismal poverty, corroborated by every detail in the room, sat a haggard, sad-eyed man, shabbily dressed, a seemingly fit occupant of the bare, comfortless attic. And yet the twilight, peering through the little window, showed his face to be very delicate, in strong contrast to his clothing and surroundings. His long, thin hands were held to his forehead, over which the dark locks fell in tangled disorder. Presently he sat upright and his hands, dropping from his brow, mechanically commenced the search they had so often made before, first in one pocket, then the other, then over again as if the treasure must surely be there and was only eluding his nervous grasp, while each time his lips uttered in a low monotonous key their tell-tale story, "Not five cents," and the ceaseless monologue was continued.

He was alone, and yet not quite alone, for one thing there was in this ghost-like loneliness that the melancholy man lived with, slept with and loved—a violin, to which he addressed at intervals his mad snatches of conversation.

"Not five cents—not even five cents! Two! by heavens, and this is what I have come to. Ah! I ought not to have left the hospital so soon; I feel weak—that was foolish of me—very. Weak! how strong I felt when that sweet-faced nurse was near me. Hear that Nell! nearly stole my heart from you. What a life mine has been—only once—just to think of it—only once—and then I had not light.

"Yes, they liked my music, as they called it! Music! bah! it makes my heart sick to hear those screeches called music. It's nothing—nothing to what I ought to be able to call forth and shall—Well! I thanked them with my music! bah!—they said I was found hugging my violin—Ha! Ha!

"Nell! do you hear that, old woman, hugging you—as if you were so much flesh and blood and could keep my soul and body alive. Only two cents, Nell! It looks bad for my body tonight, love; how will it fare with my soul?

"Soul! Have I a soul? What have I a soul for? It doesn't make me love my Nell any more; it never keeps me from sin, from folly, or from madness. It can't help me take my Nell with me when I die. Where will you be then, Soul, when I die? That's the time a soul appears, isn't it, when one dies? Then I shall know whether I have a soul or not. If I have a soul—Soul! Listen! Why don't you help my memory? Why don't you tear these cobwebs from my mind, and bring those sounds I search for, those strains I heard when first I loved? They float round my ears in loose chords, but never connected. Soul! I challenge you! If you cannot lighten my mind, and lighten my search, then you are not, and I am—am what? A dog—and then—there is no God!

"Two cents for food; well, old body, you're out in the cold to-night, no use trying to get wine to-night. Oh! wine, wine, you were sweeter than a woman's lips once in my life, and now I would to God I had the lips. But, bah! my soul shall have a feast; the first it has ever had. Once the table was spread and the guests were bidden to the banquet, but the soul did not come and the feast was put off; but to-night I have made a challenge: there is no feast, only Nell and myself, but we will welcome you, Soul, won't we Nell? And you'll bring music with you, won't you, Soul? Ha! ha! Who spoke then? God! it's curious how the wind blows! How dark it grows! I feel damp! Here you, bottle, you stand steady while I light the festive score. That's good. Ha! ha! ha! festive scene, youth and beauty, love and joy—all—all—just as I am.

"Now old woman, up you go! there now, that's comfortable; no silk handkerchief these days. And now we'll wile away the time and see if Mr. Soul will answer our invitation. How we have searched and toiled! How many years is it, Nell, since I went mad with wine? My God! I believe I am mad; people say so, and life has been a mad plunge; once a gentleman. By Jove, I can remember before I knew you that I wore silk stockings and silver buckles, when and how proud the old mother was of me. There! there! don't cry like that, I know, I know—life has been a bitter pill, it always is when dreamers dream to never realize, but you have been my sweet, though even you, dear, couldn't find my chords for me. They shall give birth. Soul! I challenge you, if you exist and there is a great God, tell me that I am wrong. Oh, how weak I feel! If I could have wine. Ah! why didn't I love instead—a bad choice. God! it's hot here—hot as hell. Let me open the window—what's that? Nell, did you hear that? Now—ha, ha, Soul! I have my chords! Now I am famous! now I have life! Quick—quick—softly now—softly my sweet! Through the window it comes from the sky, from Heaven maybe. Louder—louder—God! it fills the room! It must be—be—mother! Christ, forgive me!"

In the skies a pale form rose in the west, and traveling eastwards as it rose, seemed as the form of an angel soaring heavenwards, with a burden resting in its arm. But slowly the white robes turned to silver-gold as the new moon waxed stronger and rose in the heavens. It peered through the many windows and reaching the height of one great building, entered the bare attic. Gently it stole from side to side and at last rested tenderly upon the form and face of the worn man. The whiteness of death was upon his brow, the violin pressed close to the seeker's heart. The long, dark locks were silver in the moon's cold rays, the staring eyes softened, and as the moonbeams flitted round the lips, they seemed to smile.

TYNDALL GRAY.

In the Teeth of the Saw.

Parrott (whose mind is a mere index of quotations).—The only way to make money rapidly, my boy, is to turn it over rapidly.

Wiggins (who regards conditions more than theories).—Don't know about that. When our friend Jack Borrowit pays up a loan he'll hardly let the money get cold in your pocket before he's after it again!

The Saint's Manual; or, How to Wear a Halo.

(From an old stained-g'ass window.)

On Two or Three Topics.

THE American woman, it is said, is not a conversationalist; she has not the art of expressing herself and that she does not read. That this is pitifully true, every man or woman who observes must acknowledge; but little as the women read, if this were only good reading, a fund of fine ideas and high thought would soon be acquired. I know of some women, who, in spite of manifold duties and much labor, accomplished in the course of their lives what should put to blush the frivolous woman who leads a useless existence and when she reads at all pores over a vapid novel. No one can talk well unless there is a fund from which to draw, something to talk about. Resources, mental resources, are what women lack, and especially those who let hour after hour drop into the eternities, unfilled with even dignifying labor, for the woman who has much to do is the very one who will attain much.

There is a stratum in America of whom Max O'Rell says they do nothing, but let their husbands work for them, and the husbands' perspiration crystallizes in diamonds on their necks. In this class is the woman who would not keep house for anything, and when she does, is ever on the look-out for a servant, because she is so insufficient as housekeeper that she treats a servant abominably and expects more of her than humanity can perform.

This woman is the one who sits about peevish and fretful, or wanders restlessly in and out of the houses of her friends, plays cards to drug time, travels and sees nothing; wouldn't know a good book if she saw one; demands of her husband that he do all the getting while she poses and demands, and grows daily more incapable of enjoying the higher, finer things. This is the woman who cannot converse because she knows nothing to converse about.

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Of one thing I am sure, that we are all of us too selfish with the reading matter that comes into our hands. Think of the enormous quantities of really good literature which is scattered broad-cast through the land, and then think of the many who live in isolated homes, who are either too poor, or so situated that it is impossible to purchase good reading matter. Our tables are fairly in confusion with magazines, papers, journals, musical journals, cheap books, and children's magazines, yet away they go into the dark closet, into an old trunk or up in the garret, never to be looked at, and only to make extra labor at cleaning times. These should religiously be sent away to give pleasure to those whose lives are not so full as ours. There are the various homes and institutions for the poor and aged, beside the many individuals we know personally, in whose lives a book or a magazine is an event to be hailed with delight. Send them to the four points of the compass, send them with a blessing and let the fine thoughts and the interesting pictures gladden some heart, and help to broaden the mind of some one whose life is drear and barren. Having almost a surfeit, reading matter loses its value for us, and we can hardly appreciate the zest with which it is received by those who have little of it, nor the avidity and interest with which it is read.

It is unpardonably selfish to hoard literature, however hard we may grow hoarding wealth, and especially is it selfish in homes where there is no value placed upon the magazine or book, for its own sake, but where it is merely kept to possess it.

Try it this autumn. Clean the house free from everything you can spare, but do it with discrimination, with a thought as to the needs of those who are to receive them, and with the true spirit of giving, without which the blessing of it is not there.

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I wonder why it is that men invariably want a strong light in a room, men and large boys; and the moment they enter the house, up go the blinds, and, if possible, the curtains are looped over a chair, a table, or tied in a knot, so as to let in the glare of the sunlight.

While I do not approve of the cold, damp, dark, sepulchral provincial parlor, where the bare hard furniture and the chromos are never coquetted with by the sunlight, I yet cannot enter into this universal longing for all of daylight, possessed by men.

They do not seem to have the least sense of the artistic de mi-light which lends a charm to the homeliest room. They do not care how the windows look from the street, and it never enters their comfortable animal heads that the curtain does not look its best when wound round like a rope, and more or less artistically entwined about the most convenient picture. They pout and scold and pronounce anathemas on all womankind, who they insist are leagued to make men just as miserable as possible the few days they are upon earth. All this because, forsooth, all of our outdoors can not shine into the house, to blind one with piercing light.—*Louise g Markschffel in Toledo Journal.*

For a Discouraged Farmer.

The summer winds is 'miffin' round the bloomin' locus' trees,
And the clover in the pastur' is a big day for the bees,
And they's been a-swiggin' honey above board and on the sly,
Till they stutter in their buzzin' and stagger as they fly.

. . . . . .

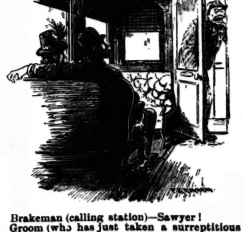
They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out to-day,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away,
And the woods is all the greener and the grass is greener still;
It may rain again to-morry, but I don't think it will;
Some say the crops is ruined, and the corn's drowned out,
And prophesy the wheat will be a failure without doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet
Will be on hand one't more at the 'leventh hour, I bet!

Does the meadow lark complain as he swims high and dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whistle in a disappointed way,
Er hang its head in silence and sorrow all the day?
Is the chipmunk's health a failure? Does he walk or does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up there, just like they've allus done?
Is there anything the matter with the rooster's lungs or voice?
Ort a mortal be complainin' when dumb animals rejoice?

Then let us, one and all, be contented with our lot;
The June is here this morning and the sun is shining hot.
Oh, let us fill our hearts with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow far away!

Whatever be our station, with Providence for guide,
Such fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
For the world is full of roses and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



Brakeman (calling station)—Sawyer!

Groom (who has just taken a surreptitious kiss from his bride—defiantly)—Don't care if you did; we're married.

What Next?

The study of finance is evidently deranging the internal mechanism of a hen in Portsmouth, N.H. Last week it laid an egg which contained a one-cent piece; and a few days later the lady who owns this wonderful hen found in another of its eggs a ten-cent piece. The hen's next effort is awaited with great curiosity.

THE SKULL OF PETER.

By JOHN A. COPLAND.

Written for Saturday Night.

PART II.

VIII.

We arrived at Devil's Lake after some adventure and much loss of time in our frantic anxiousness lest we should lose possession of the mystic head, which we feared would translate itself back to Toronto should we lose sight of it for a moment. I believe now, however, that those strict precautions were perfectly unnecessary; because, I am thoroughly convinced, the skull was sent here to follow her, ever Robert King chose to migrate. But we had made up our minds to be on the safe side and to leave no detail neglected which might help toward ridding us of the belligerent haunter.

We stood by the lake admiring its exquisite placidity and transparency, and mentally remarking with awe those wonderful submerged black pillars. Even as we looked I imagined that they sputtered sporadic sparks of spontaneous electricity. Eventually, remembering our mission and tearing our enchanted gaze away from the fascinating pansiness, we returned attention to the radical disposition of the exasperating cranium.

Searching about, I lighted upon a heavy stone block somewhat resembling a mass of matte, and attached this to the skull by means of a steel chain which we had brought along. Suddenly an inspiration struck me.

"H. S. B.—heavy stone block," I muttered.

"What are you growling about in that queer fashion?" queried King. "Are you doing an incantation over the skull before firing it hence?"

"Whoop and howl gutturals, old skull!" I roared for answer. "Ay, and to the best of your ability, you hideousness!"

"Why do you say that?" asked King, concernedly.

"Because his chance is short, if I do not err," I retorted. "Here goes!"

Poising the combined weights momentarily above my head, I whirled them from me out toward the serene center of the lake. What a stentorium ensued! What a turbulence there was in the but recently glass-calm waters! Just as the missile touched the surface a blizzing sheet of lightning dazed us; and when the glare had gone there arose a deafening din of war-whoops, mixed with a modicum of medley of harsh, cursing yells. The subaquatic columns were furiously agitated. A clap of thunder wound us round about; and this ecumenic noise turned out to be the grand finale, for then the landscape, elements and water resumed their wonted state of peace.

"Where is the skull?" was our coincident interrogation.

"Gone back to Toronto," King instantly rejoined, with pessimistic gloom.

But it had not. We wired a message speedily to Robert's servant in Toronto, and soon got answer back: "The skull cannot be found!"

So much was I overjoyed at this intelligence that I began to emulate the uncouth antics of the Indian's ghost myself. To Robert this seemed irritation, for he seized my shoulder with a wicked grasp and well-nigh broke my neck in the energy with which he shook my frame. I turned to remonstrate and struggle with him, when it gradually dawned upon my intelligence that I was sitting in my own bed with my wife's arms around me. She seriously regarded me out from among her many pretty frills and tucks.

"Why, what ails you, Harry!" she was asking.

"What's like the matter, Bessie?" I spoke back.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she said; "you've been carrying on tremendously, for full five minutes; and I could not wake you easily. Such a row you made! You frightened me most terribly."

"Did I?" I vouchsafed, consolingly. "Well, I'm sorry. I have been in a very peculiar dream about Gnik's relic-skull."

She laughed, and, turning over, went to sleep again. I did not, however, for I could not dispel the excitement from my mind to upset realistic vision. Presently it was time to rise, so I got up and dressed.

Two hours later, my matutinal repast discussed, I left the house, and went directly to call for Robert Gnik. He was at the front door, coming out.

"Ha!" And how is Mr. King?" I queried, simply using "King" for levity.

Had I foreseen what was to come I should not have been so thoughtless. I was alarmed, for I saw him turn corpse-pale. He reeled, and would have fallen had I not rushed and held him up.

"Good fates!" I cried, concernedly; "what have I done? What means this sudden, swooning pallor?"

"Oh, it is nothing, Hank," he said, passing one clammy palm across his beaded brow; "merely a transient qualm. But why did you call me King?"

I laughed, and jocularly replied that I was only trying how his name would sound if spelled the other way. Another moment shook him, and he looked at me suspiciously.

"You have not spoken the truth," he shaled; "you'll pardon me for saying so; but tell me, what real reason had you for your remark?"

"I never thought to hurt your feelings, Gnik," I said, apologetically; "but since you beg so earnestly, I'll tell you all the nonsense of the case."

So I related perfectly my dream about the skull. He was more inclined to believe that the mere detailing of a dream should warrant, I could see; and as I ceased to speak he said:

"Come to my house to-night, and then I shall reveal to you the true and tragic history of that skull. I'll tell you this much now: You guessed aright; my proper name is King! Good-bye!"

He shook my hand. We parted for the day. I retained a consuming curiosity to hear what Gnik might say. The day seemed longer than the longest; but evening came at last. Gnik waited for my coming in his library; and before him on the table sat the blackened skull.

"There is the skull," he said; "you may take it up."

I did so, but experienced none of the sensation in my dream.

"That," he went on with emphasis, "is not an Indian's skull; nor yet is it a male's at all. You are a specialist, Hank, and no doubt can recognize a slight peculiarity to prove to which sex it belonged? I tell you candidly, it was the skull of her I loved. Ay, loved with madness bordering on insanity! Look at that fracture was a death blow from a hatchet in—"

He paused.

"Well?" I interrogated.

"I murdered her!" he said, sententiously.

I started back.

"That's right," he continued with deep bitterness; "keep from me! I'm a villain, if ever one was born!"

"I'll not believe it!" I vehemently ejaculated, and grasped his hand. "I was surprised, but that was all. Your appearance gives the lie to bad."

"Thanks, thanks, for that," he murmured, and motioned me to sit again; then he proceeded:

"Long gone I lived near Devil's Lake; that Devil's Lake you went to in your dream. My mother was an Indian. It is dimly I remember her; she died while I was young. My father was a white man; an ally of the Crees.

"As your dream so strangely told you, he was murdered by a Creek chief. He was wealthy, so I fell heir to a large estate in Alabama. Yes, if gold buys happiness I should have been a felicitated mortal; for father had left me, beside the great estate, $95,000 in cash. But it does not!

Time passed; and I returned from being educated to occupy my home. My father's ex-ward, who was also my guardian, owned the neighboring plantation to my own. He had a daughter Minnie just two years younger than myself; and I was twenty-three. We loved; and all went well for four short months.

"Then there came a gloomy cloud across my sunlit sky—a handsome stalwart youth from Canada. Why he came I know not, but rather, that those strict precautions were perfectly unnecessary; because, I am thoroughly convinced, the skull was sent here to follow her, ever Robert King chose to migrate. But we had made up our minds to be on the safe side and to leave no detail neglected which might help toward ridding us of the belligerent haunter.

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The Prodigal Uncle.

My family, at the time when this story began, lived in Havre. They were not rich, and were always hard up. Father worked in an office, and the wages were not the highest.

I had two sisters.

My mother fretted under our poverty, and she often addressed harsh words to my father —perfidious, veiled reproaches. The expression of the poor man's face was always distressed me; he passed his hand over it as if to wipe away a perspiration that was not there, and said nothing. I felt his powerless sadness.

My parents economized with everything; they often ate dinners unfit to be served; they bought provisions at the lowest prices and yet, even at that, they had often to ask for credit.

My sisters made their own dresses, and had long discussions about the price of a kind of lace, costing fifteen centimes a yard.

I will remember many scenes about lost buttons and torn trowsers.

But every Sunday we took a walk to the docks in great style. My father, in a long coat, a high hat, and wearing gloves, offered his arm to my mother, who was dressed as gally as a lady on a holiday. My sisters, who had first to be ready, awaited the signal of departure; but, at the last moment, a forgotten spot would be discovered on the coat of *paterfamilias*, and it had to be quickly effaced with a rag dipped in benzine. My father, keeping his hat on his head, waited in his shirt-sleeves until the operation was done, while my mother, having adjusted her glasses—she was nearsighted—hurriedly put on her gloves.

Finally we started off with great ceremony, my sisters, with linked arms, going before. They had attained a marriageable age, and made quite a respectable appearance in the city.

I walked at the left of my mother, my father at the right. And I remember the pompous air of my poor parents in these Sunday excursions, the rigidity of their features, the severity of their aspect. They advanced with a grave step, as if an affair of the greatest importance depended upon their carriage.

And every Sunday, seeing the great vessels that had returned from unknown and distant countries, my father invariably repeated the same words:

"Ah! if Jules were on one of these, what a surprise it would be!"

My Uncle Jules, my father's brother, was the only hope of the family, after having been its terror.

I did not speak of him, but since my infancy my thoughts were with him, and his first culpable act was always present in my mind. I knew all the details of his life up to the time of his departure for America. He had, it appears, misconducted himself: that is to say, he had squandered some money, which for a great crime it happens in poor families, in rich man who amuses himself is simply guilty of follies. He is called "nobody's enemy but his own." With the poor and needy, a man who forces his parents to curtail their capital or income becomes a rascal, a knave.

In short, Uncle Jules had considerably lessened the inheritance of my father, after spending his own share to the last sou. Then he had sailed for America, as they afterward learned, on board a merchantman bound for New York.

After having been there some time, my Uncle Jules established himself as a merchant; and he soon wrote that he was saving a little money, and hoped that he would be enabled shortly to indemnify my father for the losses he had caused him.

This letter created a profound emotion in the family. Jules, instead of being a worthless fellow, they said, was an honest man, a tender-hearted man, a true Davranche, upright as all the Davranches.

In a second letter, sent two years later, he said:

MY DEAR PHILLIPE,—I write you so that you need have no fears regarding my health, which is all that can be desired. My business also goes well. I start to-morrow on a long voyage to South America; several years may pass, perhaps, before you will hear from me. Like it if I do not write, do not be alarmed. I shall return to Havre with a fair fortune. I hope it will not take too long, and then we shall all be happy.

This letter became the gospel of the family. It was read at every opportunity, it was shown to every one.

During ten years, perhaps, we did not hear from Uncle Jules; but, as the time lengthened, my father's hopes also grew in proportion, and my mother often said:

"When Jules is here, our situation will be entirely changed."

And every Sunday, when regarding the huge black masses of smoke on the horizon that ascended to the sky like an immense serpent, my father repeated the eternal phrase:

"Ah, if Jules were on one of these, what a surprise it would be!"

And then he rubbed his eyes briskly with a handkerchief.

They made a thousand projects when the return was assured; they would buy, with uncle's money, a small house in the country. I do not know but that my father had already commenced negotiations in reference to that affair.

The eldest of my sisters was twenty-eight years old, the other twenty-six. They had never married, which was a cause of great sorrow to all. A wooer finally presented himself for my youngest sister. He was a clerk, not wealthy, but honorable.

I have always had the conviction that the letter of my Uncle Jules, shown again one evening, had ended the hesitation and strengthened the resolution of this young man.

He was accepted eagerly, and it was decided that after the wedding the whole family should take a trip to Jersey.

Jersey is the ideal of a journey for poor people. It is not far; one traverses the sea in a packet and finds one's self in a strange land, an island belonging to the English. Thus a Frenchman, after two hours' sailing, can see his neighbors and can study their strange manners and deplorable circumstances. This trip to Jersey occupied all our thoughts, our entire attention, and we dreamed of it constantly.

Finally we started. I remember it as if it happened yesterday; the smoke blowing over the dock; my father, very much perturbed, watching the transporting of our luggage; my mother also disquieted, had taken the arm of my unmarried sister, who appeared lost since the other sister had gone from her, like a chicken sitting alone in its coop; and behind us came the young married pair, always lagging, which compelled me to turn my head often.

The whistle sounded. We went on board, and the ship, leaving its dock, glided out upon a sea as smooth as glass. We watched the receding shores, happy and joyous, a feeling doubtless experienced by all who have traveled

My father wore his long coat, from which all the spots had been washed by the rain, and consequently he strongly suggested that valuable cleansing agent, and recalled to my mind our Sunday outings.

Suddenly he espied two elegant ladies, to whom two gentlemen were offering oysters. An old ragged seaman opened the bivalves with one blow of a knife and passed them to the gentlemen, who immediately carried them to the ladies, who ate them in a most genteel manner, holding the shells in a cambric handkerchief, and conveying them to their mouths without dropping any juice or staining their toilets. Then they drank the liquid with a pretty, rapid movement, and threw the shells into the sea.

Undoubtedly my father was captivated by this distinguished act of eating oysters on a vessel while it was under sail. He thought it was good taste, refined, superior, and approached my mother and sisters, saying:

"What would you say if I should offer you some oysters?"

My mother hesitated on account of the expense; but my sisters accepted immediately.

My mother said, in a querulous tone:

"I am afraid they will not agree with me. Give some to the children, but not many, as the oysters will make them sick." Then turning toward me, she remarked: "As to Joseph, he needs none; it is best not to spoil the boy."

I remained beside my mother and thought her very unjust. I followed my father with my eyes and watched him as he pompously conducted his two daughters and his son-in-law toward the seaman.

The two ladies started to go, and my father indicated to my two sisters that they were to eat the oysters standing, spilling my juice, in order that they might understand better, he took an oyster, and, in endeavoring to imitate the ladies, poured the whole liquid down the front of his coat.

Suddenly my father appeared to become uneasy, he recolled a few steps, regarded his family fixedly, then the old seaman, and quickly returned to us. He seemed pale and his eyes had a singular look. He said to my mother:

"It is strange how that man opening the oysters resembles Jules."

Mother asked:

"What Jules?"

My father returned:

"Why, my brother Jules. If I did not know that he had a good position in America, I should believe it was he."

My mother ejaculated angrily:

"You are a lunatic! You know very well it is not Jules. Why do you talk such nonsense?"

But father said persistently: "Go and see for yourself; I should like very much to have your opinion."

She arose and joined her two daughters, and I also went and looked at the old man. He was dirty, wrinkled, and did not turn his attention from his work.

My mother returned and I saw that she trembled. She said, very quickly:

"I believe it is he. Go and pump the captain. It will be prudent, for we certainly can not claim this worthless fellow as our relative."

My father went, and I followed, feeling strangely agitated. The captain, a tall man, very thin, but with immense whiskers, walked the bridge with an important air, as if he were commanding an India mail steamer. My father mounted the steps with ceremony, and spoke of his calling with compliments; asked him of the importance of Jersey, its inhabitants, their manners, their dress, the nature of the soil, etc. He thought the captain would perhaps, speak of the United States of America; but he spoke only of the vessel in which we were sailing, how it was equipped, etc.

Finally my father said, in a troubled voice:

"You have a very interesting old man opening oysters. Do you know any particulars of this good man?"

The captain, beginning to be bored by the conversation, replied carelessly:

"He is an old French vagabond whom I found in America last year. He has relatives in Havre, it appears, but does not want to return to them, as he owes them some money. His name is Jules—Jules Darmanche or Jules Devranche, it is immaterial which. It appears that he was well-to-do at one time, but you see yourself that he is much reduced at present."

My father turned livid hue, his eyes grew haggard, and, in an inarticulate voice he said:

"Ah! yes, very true. I thank you very much, captain."

And he walked away. He approached my mother, who said to him, in an agitated voice:

"Sit down; did you find out anything?"

He sank upon the seat and exclaimed:

"It is he!—it is he! What are we to do now?"

She replied quickly:

"We must take care that our son-in-law suspects nothing of this."

My father seemed paralyzed. He murmured:

"What a catastrophe!"

My mother ejaculated furiously:

"I have always thought it would amount to nothing, and now he returns in this state! As if one did not know how deep a Davranche could sink!"

And my father passed his hand across his face as if he would brush away mother's reproaches.

My mother exclaimed:

"Give money to Joseph immediately and let him pay for the oysters. But he is not recognized; that man ought to say anything that will cause him to be recognized; and let us go to another part of the ship, where that man can not approach us!"

With these words she rose, and my father gave me a five franc piece.

My sisters regarded our parents with a surprised stare; and I said to myself that mamma a little uneasy, and departed on my errand.

I asked the old man:

"How much do we owe you for the oysters, sir!"

I so longed to say: "My uncle!"

He replied: "Two and a half francs."

I gave him my five-franc piece and he returned me the change.

I looked at his hand, a poor, wrinkled, horny hand, and I looked into his face, so old and wrinkled and filled with deepest sadness, and I said to myself:

"This is my uncle—papa's brother—my uncle!"

I gave him ten sous as a *pourboire*.

He thanked me profusely, and said: "God bless you, my young sir!" in the tone of one receiving alms.

My sisters looked at me, amazed at my generosity.

When I returned the two francs to my father, mother said, in a surprised voice:

"Did they cost three francs? That is impossible!"

I declared in a firm voice:

"I gave ten sous as *pourboire*."

My mother started and looked at me, exclaiming:

"You are crazy! To give ten sous to that man—that wretch!"

She stopped, looking at my father, who pointed to his son-in-law.

Before us, on the horizon, as if growing from the sea, a violet strip was visible.

It was Jersey.

We returned on another vessel, in order not to encounter him. My mother could not conceal her uneasiness.

Never was my father's brother again.—*Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant.*

Reformed Dresses

Mrs. Margaret Ingersoll, a sister of Mary Shaw, the actress, and herself well known in New England, has undertaken the leadership of the Boston dress reform movement. Mrs. Ingersoll's purpose is to obtain for women a costume suitable to wear on the streets on rainy days. This will require many striking changes in that now worn, and so, after consultation with some of her friends, it was decided that the best plan would be for a number of them to agree on a costume and then to appear in public with it at the same time. The costume adopted says Mrs. Ingersoll is simply reducing the number of garments to four or five. These include tights, hose and union garment, the "jersey-dress-bloomer" to the waist, and the dress itself, which is to be short enough to clear the kerb-stones in wet weather, and to be made of one piece from the top to bottom, so that its weight may rest on the shoulders and not on the hips. The length of the skirt will be, to some extent, a matter for each woman to settle for herself. It may come down to the top of the present walking-boot, or it may be four or five inches shorter than that, showing a little of the swell of the calf. The feet and lower legs will be covered by light top-boots, made like a riding-boot, to wrinkle at and above the ankle, or by tight-fitting leather leggins, buttoning up along the side, or by fleece-lined leggins of gossamer. "The feet covering," said Mrs. Ingersoll, "will be the most expensive part of the new dress, because it is there that modesty, or much modesty, shows itself most. I prefer the boots made like the riding-boot, and they will be expensive, for they have to be made to order." Mrs. Ingersoll says that she shall try to avoid that short, dumpy look noticeable in foreign peasant women who wear short skirts in two ways. "First," she says, "By wearing no corsets, we can make the waist-line at its normal place, which is not where it is now drawn, but is just under the bust. The dress will be made with a sacque jacket or with a square yoke, such as the children wear, and the skirt will be pulled on to it. In this way, by raising the waist-line to its proper place, we add to the top of the dress what we take off the bottom, and so preserve the proportions of the figure. We also avoid the wearing of the lifted skirt, because it has the fullness which gives perfect freedom of movement, and because it further helps to give the long, vertical lines to lengthen the figure in appearance and to preserve its proportions. If knickerbockers or tights are worn instead of the ordinary underskirts, the skirt will have to be shortened to clear the boots when walking." Mrs. Ingersoll and her associates have selected the first rainy Saturday in October to make their public appearance. Her associates include several of the leading literary women of the city.

No Burglary Here.

A desperate burglar who was hanged for killing a man whose house he had broken discovered robbing, told a police official that the only time he actually felt frightened at finding himself face to face with one of the inmates of the house he was "cracking," when a slight, delicate woman came running down the stairs, and, putting her hand on his arm, inquired in a terrified tone:

"What's the matter! Is there a burglar in the house? Oh, protect me!"

In her terror she did not think of him as the robber, and the evident comfort it gave her to find someone to protect her afforded him a new sensation. He was staggered for the moment by the situation, but hearing other inmates moving upstairs, who had evidently been aroused by her loud exclamations, he quickly said:

"Certainly, ma'am, I'll protect you—have no fear. Just stand here behind the door while I look in the kitchen, where the noise seems to come from."

"Oh, thank you," she replied, as he slipped out into the kitchen, picked up his shoes, and vanished, leaving the booty piled up on the floor in a tablecloth.

Temperance Work.

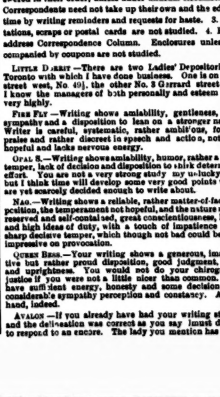
Jingle—To-day I saw a man raising a glass of beer to his lips. I called to him to stop, spoke three words to him, and instead of drinking it he dashed it to the ground, splintering the glass in a thousand pieces.

Mingle—My stars! You must be a second John B. Gough for eloquence. What did you say to him?

Jingle—I said: "That's non-union beer."

Getting Even With One of Them.

Mr. Lynchpin (on the arrival of Mr. Soltare, the clerk of the Transcendental Hotel, New York, to spend his two weeks' vacation)—Ho, by gosh! it's my time to see somebody pestered to death with signs. Front-t-t! Show this gentleman up to 5 D.



Jimmy Lynchpin, alias Front—If you want anything more, sir, ring that bell.

Miss Nellie Johnston has just returned from Europe with a full line of the latest novelties in dress goods for street and carriage. Evening wear and bridal trousseau a specialty. The latest novelties in Parisian millinery and trimmings. We invite an early inspection of our stock. Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent to after August 15. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

LITTLE DARRY.—There are two ladies' Depositories in Toronto with which I have done business. One is on King street west, No. 49, the other No. 3 Gerrard street east. Know the managers of both personally and esteem them very highly.

FIRE FLY.—Writing shows amiability, gentleness, some sympathy and a disposition to lean on a more powerful nature. Writer is careful, systematic, rather ambitious, fond of praise and rather discreet in speech and action, not very hopeful and lacks nervous energy.

ORAL S.—Writing shows amiability, humor, rather a quick temper, lack of decision and disposition to think determined effort. You are not a very strong study by any whipsnap, but I think time will develop some very good points which are yet unusually decided enough to write about.

MAC.—Writing shows a reliable, rather matter-of-fact disposition, the temperament not hopeful, and the nature rather reserved and self-contained, great conservatism, honor and high ideas of duty, with a touch of impatience and a sharp decisive temper, which though not bad could be very impressive on provocation.

QUEEN BESS.—Your writing shows a generous, imaginative but rather proud disposition, good judgment, truth and uprightness. You would not do your chirography justice if you were not a little nicer than common. You have sufficient energy, honesty and some decision, also considerable sympathy perception and constancy. A good hand, indeed.

AVALON.—If you already have had your writing studied and the delineation was correct as you say must decline to respond to an encore. The lady you mention has fortunately taken your advice before it was given, as her country man would say, and her choice certainly fills your demand. Her two interesting olive branches should be models, should they not?

ISA.—Writing shows tenacity of purpose, a little impatience, sense of humor, hope and a generous and loving nature, considerable taste and some refinement. I think you are not fond of asserting yourself, and are a little bit lazy, are apt to tire of a task before its perfect completion. Mr. Gunnidge, Glenarm, V. L. R., and Magdalen. Please see Rules for Enclosures.

DONNA.—Writing shows some imagination, tenacity, some self-esteem, considerable taste and some refinement, great strength of will. Donna is sometimes impatient and occasionally rather hard to please and to satisfy. She is soon repentant and forgives easily, is not too loquacious nor yet taciturn and has some fineness of perception, has individuality and good sense, but lacks buoyancy and hopefulness.

FLEURETTE.—Writing shows an easy and adaptable temperament, good energy, but not much system. Writer has large plans and generous ideas, is prudent and has good appreciation of the value of money, is fond of dress, is determined when necessary and her decisions would be probably wise. I could not take your letter until its turn came. Am pleased to hear that you like our reading matter.

ELIZA.—Everyone must await their turn. Your writing shows a good share of self-esteem, firmness of mind, and strong nor very aggressive, but holding to its own tenacious hold. You are apt to be cautious in speech and method and not very reliable as to judgment. Your disposition is sociable and your temper rather good. You are not imaginative. You are apt to be cautious in speech and method and not very reliable as to judgment. Your disposition is sociable and your temper rather good. You are not imaginative. You are apt to be cautious in speech and method of talk and probably bright and agreeable but lacking warmth and depth; at the same time you are kind and very true and conscientious.

FAITH—1. The average woman, like the average man, has only a good share of self-seeking in her make up. I don't notice more selfishness than is healthy in your writing. It shows the courage of sudden impulse, but not that of long endurance and endurance of pain or loss, the true courage of the strongest nature. 2 How on earth can I tell you if you are to be a success in your profession if you don't tell me what it is? If it exacts endurance, forethought, self-denial and hard labor, I had rather not forecast your success. If it is one in which your peculiarities qualities are required, perhaps I would dare to foreshadow the success that your power will insure.

NETTIE'S BOY.—1. Shrink the cotton before using. It is the shrinkage caused by the application of wet pasted pictures that makes them curl and wrinkle. 2. Your writing shows abundance of character, energy, decision and great tenacity of purpose. You have a temper, very decidedly, and are not the easiest person to live with, I think. You are not fond of talking either about yourself or others, and would be a capital person to confide a secret to, for you are close-mouthed. While Nettie will probably have her hands full with you sometimes, you are so good-hearted, generous and loyal that she will not find a very great deal of patience badly expended in developing the good that shows in every line of your writing.

TORONTO.—You are persevering and have good courage and energy—would not cry if you were even pretty badly hurt. Your temper is amiable and your taste for good things strong. With these qualities I find also discretion in speech and some hopefulness and love of fun. You are not remarkably quick of wit, but would be able to follow you requander your best affections, however, once given they would be lasting. You are not much given to planning or dreaming, and your expectations are not very magnificent. All the better, my Spanish friend, you are more likely to realize them. I don't have your article to make friends, and your intuition lacks much of perfection, but though slow, you are sure.

A SEASIDE SHORT.—Writing shows a gentle but rather indifferent nature and a disposition to require the soft side of the pillow, great amiability, and a strong power of will and a rather strong will. There is a persistent, gentle obstinacy about it and a certain shrinking from change, either in habits or thought, that marks that combination of self-contented mind. Writer would pout rather than fight, and rarely troubles herself about the concerns of any but her own immediate circle. If married and a mother would be devoted to her family. If single would employ her faculty for making great into swans in idealizing some person whether known or unknown to her, is fond of sweet sounds and has considerable taste and would improve with cultivation. Would be a self-sacrificing friend, and not a dangerous enemy, has some enjoyment of humor, and is a very womanly woman.

VANITAS VANITATUM.—This correspondent describes himself as "a man of small stature but gigantic nerve," and in the latest part of his composition he has borne out by his chirography. But he is also an original, clever and humorous person, of good common sense and strong feeling. He is self-willed and opinionative, with a bright imagination and a fine intuitive perception, a variety of moods and tempers, impatient and self-controlled by turns and nothing long. As I tear up your study, my small friend, I feel as if I were tearing a thistle seed, so wiry and airy are your flyaway letters I don't mind telling you this, because you are well aware of it already and don't mind in the least what people think of you, unless they were to tell you you were stupid. You'd die of that, I am afraid. However much the carpet before your hobby glass may be worn, you are sufficiently conceit to prevent you from heartily admiring beauty in other people and things.

RUBIE BRUCE.—I am afraid my answer will be too late to be of any service to you. Certainly the bridesmaids could wear hats and their headgear has nothing to do with that of the bride. 2 Any light shade which is becoming will do. I am not partial to creams, shades give more variety, the shoes and shoes should match if possible. 3. No, it is not fashionable just now, high necks with Medici collars and long sleeves are. I think not until as late yearly allows to the vestry to sign the register. 5. The bride and groom, supposed to be the principal personages, should stand under a canopy of flowers—in a bay window or some other convenient place in the drawing-room—the guests simply shake hands with them and express their congratulations and pass on to partake of refreshments. A softly playing orchestra is sometimes a pleasant feature, can be waved out of the way, and not too near the bridal party. 6 Your writing shows ability, desire for approbation, love of success, the desire of success and uncertainty, the impulse mare & by self-conciousness. The writer is not loquacious, and is careful in speech and action. You are not much buoyancy of nature and rather a large amount of self-esteem—the judgment is crude and the taste uncultivated but there is ability and determination that will achieve something above the common.

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"Yes, there is some risk," answered Mrs. Haabcroft; "but, then, you see, they worry over it so that they lose their appetites. So I save money in the long run."

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Private Census.

Mrs. Smith (to Mrs. Jones's servant girl)—What do you wish?

Servant girl—Mrs. Jones sends her regards, and says would you be so kind as to count your children and see if you haven't got one too many as our Kitty hasn't come home and school has been out two hours.

News from High Latitudes.

Sir James Grant of Ottawa says: "To secure health in our Canadian climate pure wool underveste are very necessary, and I feel confident you have accomplished a good work in the production of the "Health" Brand, which cannot fail to meet the requirements of our people. Wishing you every possible degree of success in this line of manufacture so scientific and practical. Yours, etc." The above speaks for itself, and every lady who desires a light, luxurious and comfortable underwest will find all these qualities combind in the Health Brand, for sale by W. A. Murray & Co., Toronto.

At a Soiree.

Miss Gushlere.—How torturing, how fearful the thought must be for a great singer to know she has lost her voice!

Mr. Praclere.—It's much more torturing when she doesn't know it.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A ROSE.—The regular use (every morning when mixing) of about a teaspoonful of Persian Lotion will in a short time give to your complexion the freshness of a rose.

Her Idea of It

Mr. Vernon Mount—Yes, darling; we can get along without a piano, but we must have a furnace; and I don't know how we can afford it.

Mrs. Mount (who has been reared in luxury)—I tell you what we might do, love. We might pass our winters in Florida.

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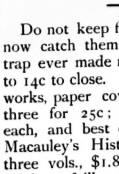
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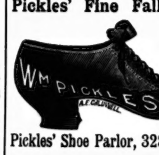

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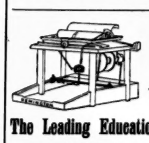

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Customer—How the deuce should I know! I don't know how to read prescriptions!

Off the Banks of Newfoundland.

Captain—Aren't you on deck rather early this morning, Sir William?

Sir William—I fahncied, don't you know, that as we skirted along the coast, I might get a glahnce at Niag'ra.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA ON THE LAKE.

Of all the festivities of the season nothing has been crowned with the complete success which attended Mr. Syer's ball of last Friday. No pains had been spared to make the evening a thoroughly delightful one and the arrangements could not have been improved upon. Two immense head lights, with innumerable Chinese lanterns illumined the wide verandas and beautiful grounds, while the spacious rooms and halls, suggestive in every detail of luxury and comfort, were very artistically decorated with exquisite roses, golden rod and mountain ash. The Italian orchestra was stationed at the end of the hall which opened into the long library temporarily transformed into a ball room. Supper was announced at twelve, after which dancing was again continued until the unusually late hour of four. Even then the guests departed most unwillingly, taking with them the remembrance of the most delightful ball held at Niagara for many a year. Among the guests were: Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mr. and the Misses Connie and Edith Jarvis, Mr. Arthur Sweatman, Mr. Foulkes, the Misses Montgomery, Mr. O'Brian, Miss Hardy, Capt. and the Misses Gale, the Misses Thomson, Mr. and the Misses Houston, Mr. Hill, Mr. Palmer, Mr. S. Dickey, Miss Wintermute, Mr. and the Misses Russell, Mr. Frank Russell, Mr. Gibbons, Mr. W. Boulton, Mr. Rogers, Mr. J. Gale Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Anderson, Miss Shanklin, the Misses Doyle, Rev. J. C. Garrett, Mr. D. Palmer, and a number of others. Some of the dresses worn were: Miss Thomson, gray gauze; Miss Kingsmill, black lace; Miss Hassard, mauve and white muslin, white roses; Miss Houston, pink china silk; Miss Shanklin, black lace and orange ribbons, cream roses; Miss Russell, white mull muslin; Miss Aileen Doyle, yellow china silk; Miss Geale, white silk, corsage wreath of ivy; Miss Montgomery, white china silk, marguerites and smilax; Mrs. Macdougall, pink satin and white net, cream and pink roses; Miss Jarvis, yellow cashmere; Miss E. Jarvis, white lace, yellow ribbons; Miss Edith Heward, white cashmere, pink and white carnations; Mrs. Jarvis, black satin, striped grenadine. After supper, and while the musicians were indulging in champagne and the abundance of other good things provided, Miss Jarvis sang one or two songs very sweetly, and Mr. Paul Jarvis contributed a recitation, entitled In the Usual Way, greatly to the pleasure and amusement of those who were within hearing distance. A few who had strolled outside missed the treat, but apparently subjects of closer interest were absorbing their thought and attention, and recitations, by even such a well known elocutionist as Mr. Jarvis, were of minor importance compared with the questions of the moment.

A rather interesting group gathered on the lawn in front of a large, white roughcast house attracted the attention of the passers-by a few days ago. In the center, apparently in command of the proceedings, stood two of Toronto's fair-haired favorites. Slightly in the rear was a young man surrounded by four or five daintily costumed brunettes, all dimples and suggestions, while in a circle of sunlight in front a red-turbaned, picturesquely attired old colored woman stood patiently endeavoring to place in position, to the satisfaction of every one, a little, laughing, black faced mite of ten or twelve months. The whole picture was a very pretty and decidedly interesting one, but unquestionably puzzling to those without the circle until there appeared upon the scene a youthful favorite of the social season, carrying under his arm a camera, his handsome sun-burnt face reflecting some of the amusement he felt in photographing the little atom of colored humanity. Closer inquiry revealed the fact that some of the irrepressible young members of the group had accidentally met the old soul and her really beautiful little infant trudging through the country lanes, and in quest of some unique way of passing an idle hour had prevailed upon the intensely flattered mother to allow them to photograph the dusky-skinned little one. After a number of unsuccessful attempts, made amid a babel of chatter and a chorus of confusing directions, their object was attained, and the laughing group dispersed in search of other methods of passing the remaining days of the slowly waning season.

Mr. Herbert Syer again had an unpleasant experience with a runaway horse a few days ago, which might have ended even more disastrously than it did. This time it was an animal driven by Mr. and Mrs. Boulton, at the time guests at Doyle's Hotel. When some distance up the River road on their return home the horse became unmanageable, and although Mr. Boulton endeavored through a mad gallop of nearly three miles to gain control of the frightened animal, he was unable to do so owing to some defective arrangement of the harness. As they entered Main street Mr. Syer was attracted by Mrs. Boulton's appeal for assistance and realizing that the horse which was covered with foam and galloping madly was beyond all control, he immediately rushed out and made a most plucky attempt to stop it as it passed. In doing so he was knocked over and to the horror of the dismayed onlookers the carriage wheels passed over him. Fortunately what might have been a serious sequel to the runaway resulted only in some bruises, but the courageous way in which Mr. Syer endangered his own safety won the hearty admiration of all who witnessed the entire forgetfulness of self in his efforts to render what proved most effectual assistance.

Not satisfied with the gaieties of the town, a jolly party of ten or fifteen drove up last Thursday evening to attend a concert at Clifton. The entertainment was a most pleasant and successful one. On the programme were the names of Miss Kingsmill, Mr. Foulkes, Miss Russell, Master Kennedy of New Orleans and Miss Hilliard of Buffalo, while the Niagara party who pronounced the pleasure of being present ample compensation for a drive of fourteen miles in a springless bus, numbered among others: Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. and Miss Edith Russell, Mr. and the Misses Heward, Mr. Gibbons, Miss M. Gale, Mr. Herbert Syer, Miss Fannie Shanklin, Mr. W. Syer and Miss Emily Shanklin.

The Misses Shanklin, who were visiting friends in town, have returned to Toronto.

Mr. Dickey, Mr. and Miss Houston, Miss Hardy and the Misses Thomson were the guests of Mrs. N. Kingsmill last Thursday.

Among the guests who remained at the Anchorage after the ball last Thursday night were: Mrs. S. Jarvis, the Misses Jarvis, the Misses Doyle and the Misses Montgomery.

Mr. Syer has returned to Chicago, and once again the hospitable doors of the Anchorage are closed until next summer.

Mr. J. Gale Dickson will spend a week or two in town before returning to England.

GALATEA.

WE have just opened the very latest styles in French, English and American Millinery Novelties.

MISS PAYNTER

Millinery } 3 Rossin Block
Parlors } King Street West.

BY ATTENDING

TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE

A fortune will be in store for every lady and gentlemen. HANDSOME CATALOGUE MAILED FREE by addressing

JOHN M. CROWLEY, Manager,
Toronto Business College, Toronto.

MISS SULLIVAN
Late of W. A. Murray & Co.

Artistic Dressmaking
70 COLLEGE STREET

Miss Sullivan has just returned from New York with the latest designs and styles.

PATENT SECURED IN CANADA.

It is fixed on the lining under the drapery, and is worked from the outside much more easily with one hand than with two.

All that is necessary is to raise the dress behind, and at whatever place it is let go the sliding catch and the Suspender automatically fixes itself and sustains the dress at any desired height from the ground; indeed, so simple is its operation, that this can be done quite well, even with an ulster on. No dress complete without it. To be had at

W. A. Murray & Co.'s and R. Walker & Sons

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR TORONTO:
FLETT & LOWNDES

The Automatic Dress Suspender Co.
GUELPH, ONT.

PROF. DAVIS'

Academy of Dancing
102 Wilton Ave.
ESTABLISHED - 1859

Classes for Juveniles, Ladies and Gentlemen always forming and in progress.

33rd Season Now Open

See circular.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street

This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1095. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

EVENING SILKS!

BEAUTIFUL SHADES AND DELICATE TINTS
AT = THE = BON = MARCHE

DO THESE PRICES MEET YOUR APPROVAL?

EVENING SILKS! EVENING SILKS!

Pure China Silk
In all the newest evening shades
Only 25c, positively worth 40c

Pure Silk Rich Brocades
This is really a grand line, in twenty different shades - - 75c, former price $1.25

Pure Silk Surahs
In all the newest shades. This a remarkably cheap line. Only 25c, and really worth 40c

Pure Silk H'dsome Brocades
Better quality than the above, in twenty-four different colorings, $1.00, former price $2.00

Pure Silk Bengalines
In 30 different shades, now at the very low price of 50c. per yard, would be great value at 75c

Pure Silk Merveilleux
In twenty-six different tints, excellent quality and heavy. - - Only 75c, worth $1.25

Pure Silk French Faille
Francaise, in twenty-eight different colorings.
Only 85c, worth $1.25

Elegant Silk and Velvet Rich
Brocades for evening wear, cream grounds, with colored flowers - $1.50, worth $3.00

SILK GAUZES FOR EVENING WEAR all now reduced to 25c per yard. Former price 50c, 75c and $1.00.

200 LOVELY EVENING FANS, all selling at EXACTLY HALF PRICE.

NOTE—The season for Evening Silks is now close at hand, and we desire to remind the Ladies of Toronto that "The Bon Marche" is prepared to supply you at less money and with a greater choice than can be found elsewhere.

BLACK DRESS SILKS A SPECIALTY - - - - - -

THE BON MARCHE - - - - - - 7 and 9 King Street East

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202 YONGE STREET
6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

READERS of SATURDAY NIGHT who have been in the habit of paying fancy prices for

MILLINERY AND MANTLES

will scarcely be caught doing so again once they visit this store and study our prices. We have never seen such beautiful effects as are now within the walls of our showrooms. In the millinery workrooms we employ none but first-class expert trimmers, who are thoroughly trained, so that no Hats or Bonnets are turned out in a rough or half-finished condition. Ladies who have seen our display for the first time have been surprised at the excellence of the goods and the common sense prices.

In Mantles we have an enormous range for Children, Misses and Ladies — every size, every style, beautiful in fit and finish, all marked so as to be easily within reach of ordinary pocket-books.

Dress Goods Department filled with choice novelties in Tweed effects, plains and fancies. Black Cashmeres specially good value.

Send, call or write to—

McKENDRY'S
202 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

VAN- DAL- INE

Are You Troubled with Superfluous Hair?

VANDALINE

THE GREAT DESTROYER, dissolves the hair to the root without injury to the most delicate skin. No emollient required.

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?
TRY SAMSONINE

It contains nothing noxious or accumulative. It removes dandruff, prevents loss of hair, invigorates the glands, and has succeeded where all other remedies have failed.
Write to or ask your druggist for sample bottles.

SAM- SON- INE

PIANOS
FOR
= HIRE =
AT
MASON & RISCH'S

Parties desiring pianos for hire for the coming season will please notify us of their requirements as soon as possible, so as to prevent disappointment later on.

MASON & RISCH,
32 King Street West.

112 YONGE STREET

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to intimate to her customers and ladies generally that, having associated herself in business with MISS DUFFY, long and favorably known in the Mantle trade, they will together open a showroom for MANTLE and DRESSMAKING in connection with MILLINERY, where ladies may see a large selection of MANTLES, JACKETS and ULSTERS in the newest makes and all sizes, which, together with reasonable prices, will place them in the forefront of the trade. Miss Duffy, being celebrated for her CUT, FIT and FINISH, ladies will find it to their advantage to inspect their stock before purchasing, all the goods being entirely new. The latest designs shown in Paris, London and New York will be found to meet the taste of those desiring fashionable garments for Fall and Winter wear.

Newest styles in Millinery now on view.

The Great Rush

For fine ordered clothing is at my establishment, 106 King Street West. Good materials, trimmings and workmanship, combined with elegance of style and fit, are the inducements which I offer the public.

As I have an immense assortment of New Fall and Winter Goods to select from, every gentleman should examine my stock before purchasing.

J. W. CHEESEWORTH
106 King Street West

Around the Corner

You will find the great establishment of Harry Collins, where you can get the best assortment of Stoves, Ranges and General Housefurnishings in the city. It will pay you to remember which corner it is around, and it will pay you to find the establishment afterwards; for there, in the best equipped and appointed store in the city, is the finest variety of general housekeepers' goods that have ever been offered, and at prices that will ensure a certain sale. The address is around the north-west corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets, and opposite the Grand Opera House. The name is one of the best known in the city.

H. A. COLLINS & CO.
6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

GANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.

100 & 102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

All the Week, Wednesday and Saturday Matinees

THE LITTLE TYCOON

First time in Toronto by the original COMPANY

The finished comedian and original General Knickerbocker

R. E. GRAHAM

Who last season made all Toronto talk as Don Bambula in "The Sea King"

Hear Graham's famous topical song, "Cawn't Do It, You Know."

Hear Graham and Alice Hosmer's fascinating OH! AH! DUET

Seats now on sale. No increase in prices.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Cards are out for the marriage of Mr. John D. Hay of Toronto and Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, to take place at Hamilton on October 8.

•

attended, the beautiful shady grounds proving very attractive during the hotter part of the afternoon.

•

During this hot spell many Toronto people are still at the Hotel DeMonte, Preston, which luckily remains open the year round.

•

Messrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Gordon Jones and George Le Mesurier have gone to Lake Nipissing for a week's shooting.

•

The Hon. H. M. Hawke and Captain Barnett were in town last week for a few days.

•

Mr. Bridgeman Simpson has returned from his extended trip to Manitoba and the North-West.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown have rented the house on St. George street recently occupied by Mr. Duncan Clarke, and have taken up their residence there.

•

Mr. and Mrs. James McMurray have returned to town from their Island home.

•

A musical event of more than ordinary interest will be the first of a series of soirees musicales, to be given at the fine warerooms of Messrs. Farwell & Glendon, 68 King street west. These gentlemen have arranged to give a number of complimentary recitals, the first of which will be held on Tuesday evening, October 6, when Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Miss Sullivan, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. E. W. Schuch and Mr. W. O. Forsyth will assist.

It Did Not Work

Caller (who has read about the electrical dishwashing machine)—They say that dishes can now be washed beautifully by the aid of electricity.

Old Lady—Yes, I heard folks a talkin' 'bout that in a street car, an' I went right to work an' tried it, but t'want no use.

"Indeed! Did you get a machine?"

"No. I had one in the garret. Young Dr. Nocash left it when he went off without payin' his board. I fetched it down and put one o' the sponges in the dishpan an' the other on the hired girl, and then I turned the crank, but she just jumped an' howled an' broke more dishes than the hull invention was worth."

NOTICE.—Olive Lancers, by Charles Bohner. Whaley, Royce & Co.

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REMOVES
Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Roughness, Redness and Hardness of the Skin, and Prevents Wrinkles
PREPARED ONLY AT
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

VANDERVOORT—On Sunday, September 6, at Toronto, Mrs. J. W. Vandervoort—a son.
CRANG—Sept. 17, Mrs. Jethro Crang—a son.
CLARKE—Sept. 22, Mrs. S. S. Clarke—a son.
DAVIS—Sept. 20, Mrs. J. R. Davis—a daughter.
FRASER—Sept. 19, Mrs. J. W. Fraser—a son.
GORDON—Vancouver, Sept. 13, Mrs. Geo. R. Gordon—a daughter.
McCRAE—Chatham, Sept. 20, Mrs. Andrew McCrae—a daughter.
McWATTERS—Sept. 21, Mrs. W. McWatters—a son.
MONTEITH—Sept. 20, Mrs F. W. Monteith—a daughter.
PERRY—Sept. 14, Mrs. W. T. Perry—a son.
ROSS—Sept. 15, Mrs. D. T. Ross—a son.
KNOX—Sept. 5, Mrs. John Knox—a son.
BLACK—Hamilton, Sept. 15, Mrs. G. A. Black—a son.
WIGHTMAN—Sept. 9, Mrs. E. Wightman—a son.
NORRIS—St. Catharines, Sept. 13, Mrs. J. C. Norris—a son
PARKER—Sept. 9, Mrs. Thomas Parker—a son.
KENNEDY—Sept. 17, Mrs. A. E. Kennedy—a daughter
BERNARD—Sept. 21, Mrs. C. A. Bernard—a daughter.
AMBERY—Sept. 19, Mrs. Clayton Ambery—a daughter.
DYMOND—Sept. 19, Mrs. Allan M. Dymond—a daughter
LEWIS—Port Arthur, Aug 3, Mrs. A. R. Lewis—a son.
LENNOX—Ionia, Mich., Sept. 9, Mrs. L. E. Lennox—a daughter.
BURDETT—Sept. 12, Mrs. Francis Burdett—a son.
JONES—Sept. 3, Mrs. Alex. Jones—a son.
ROBERTS—Mimico, Sept. 14, Mrs. Percy Roberts—a daughter.
O'CONNOR—Walkerville, Sept. 18, Mrs. Jas. O'Connor—a daughter.

Marriages.

CLARKE—SHAW—Sept. 15, William H. Clarke to Emma W. Shaw.
ROLPH—JAFFRAY—Sept. 21, Frank A. Rolph to Grace Adela Jaffray.
REID—GARDHOUSE—Sept. 9, George F. Ried to Maggie Gardhouse.
JACKSON—McDONALD—Sept. 16, W. F. Jackson to Katherine E. McDonald.
LYON—MARTIN—Sept. 16, George Seymour Lyon to Nettie Martin.
MORTIMER—BEATTY—Sept. 16, Herbert Mortimer to Elizabeth Beatty.
PATERSON—FAIRBAIRN—Sept. 16, Henry M. Paterson to Georgie Fairbairn.
WEBSTER—WEDD—Sept. 16, Henry J. Webster to Harriet Wedd.
HAIGHT—LIGHT—Japan, July 17, Milton Haight to Catherine Light.
SERACE—SCOTT—Sept. 16, William Serace to M. E Scott.
WRAY—JUDGE—Sept. 16, Joseph P. Wray to Edith A. Judge.
SCOTTEN—FLEMING—Sept. 16, William E. Scotten to Florence Viola Fleming.
IRWIN—HAMILTON—Sept. 16, William Irwin to Ida Hamilton.
DINWOODY—McMURRACHY—Sept. 17, John H. H. Dinwoody to Esther McMurrachy.
BRYANT—KENNEY—Sept. 21, William J. Bryant to Tillie Kenney.
BUCHANAN—OGILVRY—Detroit, William Buchanan to Nellie Grace Ogilvry.
SMITH—PEARSON—Sept. 16, Fred H. Smyth to Ina R. Pearson.
DANDRIDGE—BOWDEN—Northampton, Eng., Aug. 1, C. Dandridge to F. Bowden.
McFARLAND—BOTSFORD—Sept. 17, William C. McFarland to Ethel Botsford.
SMITH—MALLORY—Sept. 16, John Alexander Smith to Hulda Mallory.

Deaths.

HUTCHINSON—At Sandwich, Ont., Sunday, September 20, 1891, of apoplexy, Charles Paschoud Pilkington Hutchinson, aged 39 years, 11 months.
TURQUAND—Woodstock, Sept. 18, Elizabeth Turquand, aged 78.
McCARTHY—St. Catharines, Sept. 7, Thomas McCarthy, aged 18.
GUGGISBERG—Sanibal, Texas, Sept. 6, F. D. McK. Guggisberg, aged 18.
TENNANT—Dareham Suffolk, Aug. 8, Matilda Tennant, aged 30.
McQUARRIE—Sept. 21, Bessie McMillan McQuarrie.
BAILY—Buffalo, Sept. 18, Hester S. Baily, aged 65.
MARSHALL—Sept. 19, Hamilton Marshall, aged 54.
BORSBERY—Oshawa, Sept. 17, Lottie Gerrine Borsbery.
COTTER—Sept. 16, Sarah Anne Cotter, aged 36.
HILLIAM—Sept. 15, Joseph Hillam, aged 84.
CLARK—Sept. 21, Hugh Clark, aged 64.
GOVAN—Glasgow, Scotland, Sept. 17, Margaret Govan.
HECTOR—Sept. 20, John Hector, aged 79.
PLATT—Sept. 21, Elizabeth Carter Platt, aged 69.
TAPSCOTT—Sept. 22, Elizabeth Jopling Tapscott, aged 71.
DRAKE—Madras, India, Sept 21, Isabella Drake.
CRAWFORD—Sept. 22, Frederick Lorne Crawford, aged 12
BELDON—Sept. 22, William Seldon, aged 15.
NIVEN—Sept. 17, Janet Kirkpatrick Niven, aged 61.
NICOL—Sept. 18, Jennet Munro Nicol, aged 82.
ADAMS—Sarnia, Sept. 8, Harriett Amelia Adams, aged 60.
BOYD—Sept. 11, Margaret Boyd, aged 55.
HUNTER—Sept. 18, Mary Hunter, aged 86
ROBERTSON—Sept. 17, Charles William Robertson, aged 5.
McCABE—Sept. 18, John McCabe.
DOHENY—Sept. 20, Margaret Doheny, aged 79
WIDGERY—Sept. 21, William Widgery, aged 65.
MUSSON—Sept. 15, Mary Ann Musson.
LATTER—Sept. 17, Mary Louisa Latter.
DAVIS—Sept. 22, Norman Edward Davis, aged 1.
PERFITT—Sept. 20, Josephine Perfitt, aged 20.

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REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS
18 Victoria Street TORONTO — 147 St. James Street MONTREAL

We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.
Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few selected from our list:

BLOOR STREET WEST—DETACHED A 1 BRICK residence, modern. Exceptional terms. $15,000.

124 ST. GEORGE STREET—MODERN BRICK house, nine rooms, all conveniences; new brick stable; deep lot. Price $6,500.

HEWARD AVENUE, 46—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, 8 rooms, side entrance, all conveniences; the cheapest house over the Don. Price $2,500.

73 BORDEN STREET—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, 9 rooms, over-mantles, gas grates, every convenience. Price $4,250.

116 HAZELEON AVENUE—SEMI DETACHED, 9 rooms, bath, &c. $2 250.

BRUNSWICK AVENUE—$7,000—DETACHED, MODERN brick house, very stylish, hot water heating, latest improvements.

Intending purchasers will do well to call and see our list.
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18 Victoria Street

FINE FUNERAL GOODS
J. A. GORMALY
Telephone 1121 — 359 QUEEN ST. WEST

H. S. MORISON & CO.
216 and 218 Yonge Street

Owing to the extremely warm weather of the past week we continue the OPENING of our

MANTLE DEPARTMENT

for another week.

The great variety of styles and patterns of our Mantles excelling in elegance all our former importations, connected with very moderate prices, is bound to answer the demands of the most extravagant as well as the most modest taste, and we feel sure that we can suit everybody

We cordially invite every lady to inspect our goods.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
216 and 218 Yonge Street

OAK HALL

NEW SUITS FOR THE BOYS

Our full range of 2 and 3 piece suits is now in, and we can say without the least hesitation that for neatness and value we never showed anything like it before.
Parents should call.

OAK HALL
115 to 121 King Street East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Having just received by special importation an exceptionally fine line of fabrics for Fall and Winter wear, at the old address, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Quiet, Genteel and Good will be the essentials this season for gentlemen's garments.

I am prepared to meet these requirements for good dressers.

HENRY A. TAYLOR, DESIGNER.

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the Costly Carpets and Fine Rugs for the ladies of Toronto

We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. We are prepared to do all kinds of cleaning, fitting and laying (no chalks or ropes to tear your carpets). Grease spots removed. Open all the year. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth proof room for storing carpets. Send for price lists. Furniture repaired.

Toronto Carpet Cleaning Company
Office and Works 44 Lombard Street
Telephone 2686
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS.

TIME IS MONEY
You can get the best value in Watches
FROM
G. E. TROREY
MANUFACTURING JEWELER
61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

NEW FALL GOODS

OUR MANTLE DISPLAY
FINER THAN EVER
Comprising all the Novelties of this Season

Choice Reefer Jackets, Elegant Three-quarter Coats, Plain and Trimmed with Fur.

Lovely Cloth Capes, Trimmed with Ostrich Tips, also Braided and Trimmed with Nail Heads.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Novelty Dress Goods

Beautiful Tweed Dress Goods, with Mohair Check and Stripes, also Spots. French designs, newest style, Ramage pattern, Black on Plain Color Grounds.

Stylish Robes in newest coloring, single length only.

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OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT
Is a special feature, and we invite correspondence from every town in Canada. Samples are kept ready, cut and made up.

R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street.

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OFFICES:
20 King Street West
409 Yonge Street
793 Yonge Street
288 Queen Street East
578 Queen Street West
1352 Queen Street West
419 Spadina Avenue
Yard Esplanade East, near Berkeley Street
Yard Esplanade East, foot of Church Street
Yard Bathurst Street, opposite Front Street

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY
67 Adelaide Street West. Telephone 1127

Goods called for and delivered to any part of the city. N. B.—Our patrons are requested not to give their Laundry to any driver not wearing uniform Cap with the initials P. S. L. on, as we have no connection with other concerns styling themselves Parisian Laundry or otherwise.
Yours truly,
CHIERA AND VIER, Props.
J. A. ROLSTIN, Manager.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
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